

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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- ART. I.—1. *Views of England*, during a residence of ten years; six of them as a prisoner of war. By major general Pillet, knight of St. Louis, and member of the legion of honour. Translated from the French.
2. *The Truth respecting England; or an Impartial Examination of the work of Mr. Pillet, and of various other writers on the same subject.* Published, and dedicated to the English nation, by J. A. Vievard, proprietor and editor.

THESE works are not a little singular in their character and history. The first is a spirited attack on the English nation by a French general officer, whose book has been suppressed, we understand, by the French government, but translated and republished in the United States; the second, a defence of the same people, published in England, in the English language, by another Frenchman, whose principal ground of apology consists in maintaining that the French nation is more wretched, immoral, and corrupt than the English! Betwixt them both, that unfortunate nation fares so badly, that, notwithstanding the scurvy and unneighbourly manner in which the British writers and critics have, from time to time, treated us of this western world, we have been induced to come forward in behalf of that suffering people: by endeavouring to defend them, as far as lies in our power, not only from the attacks of the major general, but the defence of the redoubtable M. Vievard; which, if the truth must be told, is rather the worst of the two. The general charges them gallantly in the character of an enemy, while M. Vievard, by his vindication, in our poor opinion, leaves them rather worse off than he found them.

Indeed, with all our critical sagacity, we are not, at this moment, perfectly satisfied, whether the latter gentleman is serious or not; whether, in fact, his defence be not rather a mischievous piece of irony, than a serious attempt to vindicate a calumniated nation. Thus, in denying the charge of tippling, brought by the general against the *English ladies of quality*, he admits its truth, when applied to all other classes of people, accounting for it, oddly enough, on the score of patriotism!

‘Political interest,’ says M. Vievard, ‘has on its side contributed to increase the consumption of spirituous liquors. Considerable duties are imposed on them, and they contribute, in a great proportion, to the wants of the treasury. Can we then be astonished, that the English of every rank, endeavour *to encourage, by the example which they give,* a consumption become national? Can we be surprised, that the custom of drinking, as M. Pillet politely says, is become general in England; in a country where, above all, they are patriots and citizens? When we are fully penetrated with this great truth, that there is nothing which an Englishman does not sacrifice to the interest of his country, and to the support of his government, we no longer think it shameful that the rich, the nobility, the first persons of the state, and even the princes of the royal family, adopt customs and a mode of living which testify a deference for the *spirit* and wants of the nation?’—p p. 66–67. This now is one of the best reasons for drinking we ever heard; it is worth all Dr. Aldrich’s five reasons put together.

Again—in reply to the major general’s assertions with respect to the general cupidity of the English nation, M. Vievard, instead of controverting, proceeds to account for it in the following philosophical manner: After acknowledging it to be true, he observes, page 83, ‘It would be proper, in the spirit of impartial justice, to examine the causes so profoundly multiplied in every commercial and maritime nation, which could induce a whole mass of people, of all conditions, to contract that spirit of avidity and of rapine. If M. Pillet had proceeded to an examination of such importance, with all the information and all the reflection which it requires, that observer would have acknowledged, that this desire of gain, this appetite for riches and fortune, of which he accuses the English character,—that this innate desire of acquiring, as he calls it, does not originate in the *natural* character of the English, but that it is the effect, and the necessary effect of commerce, to which that nation is generally devoted, and which it could not renounce for an instant without compromising its existence.’ Thus, this ‘spirit of avidity and rapine’ appears to be essential to the existence of England, although not originally a part of her character, but naturally growing out of those commercial habits, without which she cannot subsist!

Again—M. Vievard remarking on the assertion of the major general, that the liberty of the press is at present in England in complete dependance on the rich and powerful, and, in some sort, at the mercy of the royal authority, breaks out into the following rhapsody: ‘The liberty of the press, a right the most precious which man can enjoy, since it secures to him the preservation of his civil and political privileges—the liberty of the press is the bulwark, the safeguard, the eternal and invincible protector of the English constitution.’ He adds, immediately after—‘But the law of libel represses, with the utmost rigour, the writer who outrages the royal majesty, who calumniates that majesty *in the person of the ministers,*’ &c. Again our suspicions are excited that M. Vie-

vard is a great dealer in irony. If these passages were not written previous to the late suspension of the laws for the security of free discussion and personal liberty in England, they certainly were intended as a severe satire upon the freedom of the press in that country. And here we will take leave to observe, that the same epithets are applied in different countries, and under different systems of government, not only to different degrees of the same thing, but sometimes to things totally different. During the late struggles in Spain, the word liberty, for instance, was made use of with great effect, and gained many friends abroad, although it afterwards appeared, that this liberty was nothing more than the liberty of restoring king Ferdinand, and reviving the inquisition. In like manner, during the short exercise of power by the Spanish *Cortes*, a *free press* was established, subject to the supervision of three censors, two of whom were ecclesiastics. So, also, in England, where the press is still called free, and where M. Vievard maintains it to be 'the bulwark, the safeguard, the eternal and invincible protector of the English constitution,' we have seen all the provisions of that very constitution, calculated for the security of personal freedom, broken, or as it is politely called, suspended, solely for the purpose of punishing certain free speakers and writers, who, though they transgressed no law, yet were, at the same time, putting the constitution in jeopardy. Thus it appears clearly, that in some free countries, the constitution may be broken to preserve the constitution, and a free press maintained, by the suspension of all laws for its support. It may therefore be well to caution the really free people, of this, the only free nation of the earth, how they suffer themselves to be deceived by mere names; to advise them, in short, when they hear the word freedom used as characteristic of any European government, to look to the system thus designated. They will then generally find, that what is there called, by a figure of rhetoric, liberty, is nothing more than what we are accustomed to look upon as abject slavery.

To us Americans, it must also appear evident, that M. Vievard is indulging this strain of irony in its fullest latitude, when, in reply to the major general, he denies that the English sailors and soldiers are in fact slaves for life, when once they enter the service; and, in the spirit of triumphant burlesque, asks—'Is the English soldier (or sailor) seen to desert, even in time of war, like those of other nations, although in England he alienates a great part of the most precious rights? Is the English subject seen to apostatize his country, and go to beg letters of naturalization in a foreign country?' Thus does this wily Frenchman covertly reproach England with that propensity to desertion and emigration, so remarkably evinced of late years by her soldiers, sailors, and subjects, to the perceptions of our countrymen!

In one part of his book, the major general takes occasion to remark, that the English nation makes a jest of perjury, and instances the case of lord Ellenborough, 'who causes to be exercised, in the name of his son, and by an old domestic of his house, the place of

head gaoler, or marshal of the Fleet Prison, in London.' This domestic; it seems, is obliged to make oath before lord Ellenborough himself, who enjoys the emoluments of this place, that he, the domestic, is the true titular head of the place, and that he does not hold it in the name, or for the advantage of any one. Now we will venture to say, that no person, whose object it really was to wipe away a great national stain, such as that of national perjury, would have made an explanation, or apology, which goes far beyond the original assertion of M. Pillet, in rendering support to the charge. 'Who,' exclaims M. Vievard, 'does not see, in the case of lord Ellenborough, that kind of survivorship, which it is the custom, *every where*, to grant to a functionary after long services; a survivorship which requires, for form's sake, that kind of oath, or fictitious security?' Again, says he—'Can we range equally, in the rank of perjuries, those kinds of false oaths, or rather of false declarations, of personal qualification, of our income in landed property, of fortune, or of merchandize, which take place daily in England, either to fill a public function, or to avoid a surcharge of taxes, or the payment of certain duties, or the delays so hurtful to the facility of commercial enterprize? A multitude of these (false) declarations, which are called oaths, are certainly innocent, at least if we do not view them according to a strict sense of morality, or rather of religion.' If M. Vievard should ever, by any chance, happen to see this obscure article of ours, we beg him distinctly to understand, that if the national character of our country should happen to be assailed by the Quarterly Reviewer, or any other notorious libeller, we will take it as a particular favour (as sir Peter Teazle says to Mrs. Candour) if he will 'refrain from undertaking our defence.'

Pursuing this original and happy mode of extenuating what he cannot, or will not deny, M. Vievard proceeds to assign a curious reason for the prodigious increase of pauperism in England, as noticed by the major general. 'Assuredly,' says he, 'this great number of persons reduced to depend on public help, is a great evil, we might say a great *error*; but it is necessary always to return, in order to explain or excuse it, *to the prodigious extension of industry and commerce.*' This is the first time we ever heard that plenty of business, and a disposition to work, were the causes of poverty among the labouring classes. It takes M. Vievard upwards of twenty pages to make it fairly out, and as usual, he finds it necessary to bolster up his theory by stoutly anathematizing the French revolution, and Napoleon Bonaparte, the roots of all evil past, present, and to come. This ingenious mode of reasoning he borrows, we suspect, from our brothers of the Quarterly Review, who always put honest John Bull off the scent of the real causes of his grievances, by appealing to his fears and antipathies, and starting Bonaparte for a chace.

Having laboured through this ingenious theory, M. Vievard goes on to examine the statements of the major general, relating to the manner in which prisoners of war are lodged and treated in

the depots in England. 'Throughout the whole extent of the three kingdoms,' observes the apologist, 'there are few strong places, or citadels, except military ports, and consequently these are not the places to which a great number of prisoners, of a stirring disposition, and induced to undertake every thing to recover their liberty, can be consigned. If prisoners at all times have been better cantoned in France than in England, it must be attributed to the local conveniences which the former offers; a country where a vast extent of internal territory permits legions to be barracked without danger. But England is far from offering the same facilities, and the more prisoners of war she has in the interior the more danger she runs.'

'The English are then necessarily forced, by the nature of circumstances, and with a view to their own safety, to confine their prisoners of war in pontoons. A pontoon being nothing more or less than some seventy-four or eighty gun ship, it is obvious how many privations, from want of room, this must occasion to 1500 or 1800 men, since a vessel of this magnitude, when full manned for sea, does not carry more than seven or eight hundred men at the most; and besides, the pontoon, independent of the prisoners which it contains, requires a numerous guard to insure the subordination and the state of tranquillity of the prisoners.' This 'being the case, let us, even while we deplore the horrible use England is obliged to make of her pontoons, to guard prisoners of war without danger, examine with impartiality whether a great part of the evils these prisoners have experienced, is not a necessary consequence of the state of things.' 'The nature and quantity of these provisions were fixed,' proceeds M. Vievard—'and if this regimen was not the most comfortable, yet this could not be the fault of the English government, who followed the laws of war established among nations. Yet the nourishment of the prisoners of war was neither so scanty, nor so inferior in quality, as M. Pillet sets forth; a crowd of Frenchmen returned *alive* from England, attest this. It is from their authority we speak; and we would boldly assert the contrary if it were proved to us: *we do not speak as Englishmen*; we are Frenchmen, in defending the truth, although our assertions tend to show that a French writer has calumniated the English government. M. Pillet complains highly of the severity of the confinement, the rigour of the orders, of the searches and the musters which take place on board the pontoons; all these are very unpleasant for the people, for the *victims*, if you choose, who are subjected to this order of things: but those victims were reduced to this condition by the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte; it was he alone who provoked and maintained their sufferings! M. Pillet does not say, indeed he takes care not to say, that their return home was open to them, that liberty was offered to every prisoner of war who would espouse the cause of the French in the west, who held out their arms to receive them; M. Pillet does not state, that the intreaties of the French princes, and their faithful servants in La Vendee, were constantly repelled, and that with a kind of fury, by

the emissaries of Bonaparte, by the officers or generals who were prisoners of war.' With respect to the charges of encouraging speculation, and every kind of abuse in the pontoons, brought by the major general against the transport board, M. Vievard thinks it a sufficient answer to say—'It is sufficiently obvious, that there are seen in England petty officers, clerks, and understrappers of the lowest class, who speculate on the nourishment and the clothing of the prisoners, who appropriate to themselves a small perquisite, and who are guilty of some little exaction at their expense. But where is that country in the world in which they do not act similarly; and by what means can it be absolutely prevented? Is it not really highly ridiculous to tell us of breeches too scanty, and of pantaloons badly cut, which were distributed to the prisoners? The clothing given to the prisoners was of excellent stuff; many persons in France wear it to this day; and if some commissary's wife or clerk did turn a few ells of it to their own use, is that any reason to accuse the *transport board*, and all England, of robbing *per fas et per nefas*?'

Now this invidious defence of M. Vievard may be swallowed with good appetite by John Bull; but for our part, were we Englishmen, we would most assuredly serve him up to the public in the manner the author of the '*Resources of the United States*' was served for a similar *defence* of this country. Does this silly, or mischievous Frenchman believe, that merely accounting for a bad system, excuses it? What is it to the unhappy prisoner, or to the interests of humanity, what may be the particular reason for prisoners of war being crowded almost to suffocation in hulks, provided they are so crowded? If England has no proper places for securing prisoners of war, except these floating dungeons, it were better for her philanthropists, instead of ostentatiously coming forward in behalf of African freedom, to interpose their good offices, and solicit subscriptions, for the purpose of softening the hard fate of unfortunate men, victims to the chances of war, and deserving of sympathy, though they happen to be Frenchmen, and to have white faces. In reading the work of general Pillet, we turned with incredulity from his statements relating to this subject, and it is by M. Vievard, the champion of England, who dedicates his work to the English nation, that we at last are led into a belief in the possibility of such cruelties being practised among a people claiming to be the champions and the patterns of humanity! Even yet we cannot bring our minds to a thorough conviction; and after perusing the admissions of M. Vievard, are merely brought to doubt, what we before entirely disbelieved.

We will now take our leave of M. Vievard, reiterating the doubts we have previously expressed, that his pretended defence is in reality a severe ironical attack on the good people of England. Indeed, we have heard it whispered, that his grace of Wellington, on the first publication of M. Pillet's work, sought an audience of the French king, and demanded that the work should not only be suppressed, but that some other Frenchman should make the *amende*

honorable, by writing an answer, vindicating England, at the expense of France. The lot fell upon poor M. Vievard, who, to say the truth, has avenged the degradation, by indulging himself in the most severe and bitter irony, the more effectual, from its being only perceptible to those who are in the secret. As to honest John Bull, who works his passage up a canal, by leading the horse along its bank,* we understand the worthy gentleman is quite in raptures with this vindication, and that the regent is about to grant M. Vievard a pension, as a testimony of the national gratitude. We will now proceed to examine general Pillet's work, and try whether we cannot make out a better defence than that of M. Vievard, although in truth England little deserves such a kind office at our hands. It will be recollected by many of our readers, that during the late war, that same termagant critic, the *Quarterly Reviewer*, took occasion to sweep the kennel of Grub street of all the writers that had honoured this country with their criticism, and to bring forward every solitary fact, or unauthenticated anecdote, as furnishing a general criterion of national character and manners. This blunderbuss, loaded with all sorts of murderous slugs, rusty nails, and broken bits of glass, he fired right manfully across the Atlantic: after the which he resolutely strutted about all England, believing he had utterly annihilated our good people. Yet America survived the shot; and we ourselves still live to take ample vengeance, by teaching this tremendous Reviewer an example of Christian forgiveness, in thus returning good for evil.

The work of M. Pillet is, in truth, one of the most atrocious libels we ever remember to have met with, especially if my lord Mansfield be right in his principle, that 'the greater the truth the greater the libel.' Justice to England also compels us to say, that it is altogether unprovoked, since we all know the English are a harmless good natured people, who never speak ill of their neighbours, and never have injured the reputation, or hurt the feelings of the French on any occasion, more especially of late years. It is true that the major general was thrust, with his unfortunate fellow prisoners, into the pestilential bowels of a hulk, where he was half starved, half clothed, and more than half smothered; yet as monsieur Vievard has clearly demonstrated, that this was all owing to Bonaparte, and to the obstinate wickedness of these hardened sinners who would not turn traitors to the cause they had espoused, it really appears not a little perverse and unreasonable in the major general to bear malice against a people and government, thus manifestly innocent of any offence. Yet, notwithstanding this, he seems actually to have looked to the immediate instruments of his sufferings, instead of the remoter causes that led to them, and to have wilfully and wickedly sought revenge in the condemnation of a whole people.

The work is dedicated to 'my companions in suffering, the prisoners of war in England,' who are appealed to, to say whether he

* See a late anecdote copied from an English paper.

has exaggerated. The living and the dead are called on to verify or contradict his statements. 'Wandering shades of one hundred and fifty thousand of our brethren,' he exclaims, 'who in the short space of the two last wars, have expired in the midst of tortures on board the prison ships of England! Sacred manes of more than thirty thousand Frenchmen, who have only set foot on your native soil to see the tomb which now covers your inanimate ashes, open before you! arise! and if my pen is unfaithful, disavow the recital of our sufferings whenever I shall have occasion to speak of them.' There is something feeling and eloquent in all this; and there is an air of solemn sincerity in the appeal that seems to carry with it at least an intention of telling the truth, although it is altogether impossible that the details which follow should be true in their full extent, as we trust we shall prove to the satisfaction of all intelligent readers.

After some acute observations on what he calls the '*Anglo-mania*,' which began in France during the regency of Philip of Orleans, and to which he traces the origin of an English party which has ever since existed in France, the general proceeds to make several observations which we think are not altogether warranted, by analogy at least. The French philosophers, he affirms, set to work praising English liberty, and English character, to the skies—they undermined, by indirect attacks, and unfair comparisons, those of the institutions of their country, which, good in principle, had become corrupted and perverted by the times, and the usurpations and pretensions incessantly urged by the privileged classes;—they were continually telling us of men, when they should have spoken only of things. 'They carefully concealed from us the real character of the people they wished us to admire. Soon it was considered wrong, or at least ridiculous, not to eulogize them; and when at last it was no longer possible to conceal the want of refinement, cruelty, and vices of the English; when it became impossible to palliate crimes which were blazoned over every quarter of the globe, the same philosophers insolently dared to represent their cruelty and their crimes as the sudden transports of vigorous and liberal minds, which we must, nevertheless, continue to admire.'

'Our literati,' proceeds the general, 'burdened with civilities when they visited England, and loaded with favours, always caressed by the first lords of the state, who carefully prevented the people from approaching them, lest they should become too well acquainted, heard it repeated on all sides in England, that she was the only protector of liberty and equality, &c. Incapable of maturing great events, our men of letters, our travelling philosophers, were all taken in the snare of English adulation.' Now, whatever general Pillet may think of the influence of hospitality and personal attentions, in predisposing the minds of travelling philosophers and literary men favourably towards the country where they receive these attentions, he must not pretend to impose on us with his theory, unless he can prove a radical difference between French-

men and Englishmen. Our own experience has demonstrated to us, at least, that the latter cannot be won in this manner. The sturdy independence of Englishmen spurns at any influence derived from such attentions. English poets, men of science, philosophers, and gentlemen tourists, have passed through this country, at different periods, and have been received into the very bosoms of our citizens, who vied with each other in those kind attentions which render the hours of the stranger less lonely, and his situation less desolate. Yet do we find one of them seduced by these kindnesses into a word of praise, either of our country, its institutions, or character? On the contrary, do we not find them honestly forgetting these trifling favours, and through fear of being cheated into a little partiality, by some recollected kindness, deviating into the opposite extreme, and abusing us with all their might, merely to prove they have not been seduced by our blandishments? With this experience, the general must not pretend to palm upon us his theory of travellers being seduced into indiscriminate praise, by kindness and hospitality. We know better—we know that Englishmen, at least, have too much honest obstinacy, too great a regard for consistency of opinion, to abandon even errors, at such a paltry price. With that downright sincerity which marks their character, they rather prefer behaving rudely even at the tables of their hospitable entertainers, than incur the slightest suspicion of being too much pleased, by being a little civil to their host, or paying a compliment to the country. Your Frenchman, indeed, makes no scruple of repaying those who please him, by giving them pleasure in return, either in the way of little gratifying attentions, or adroit compliments: but your freeborn Englishman can be rude, rather than be thought too anxious to please. The difference between the two seems to be, that the one gratifies his vanity, or his sentiment, be it what it may, by making himself as agreeable as possible, while the other administers to his pride by being more disagreeable than is natural to him; and obtaining thus a refined gratification at the expense, only, of other people's feelings. This unbending arrogance is certainly, however, originally the product of freedom, although it not unfrequently lasts long after its genuine source is dried up; it then becomes as ridiculous as it is at all times offensive.

Having finished his introductory remarks, the major general forgetting, it would seem, the great characteristics of his countrymen, politeness to the ladies, proceeds to state, that there is a great similarity in the dress and manners of English women in general. 'The wives of the shoemaker, of the butcher, of the mechanic of a country parish, are all *ladies*, like those of London. Their awkwardness of deportment, and their manner of introduction being the same, it would be difficult to distinguish the classes and ranks of society by their dignified or easy manners. The English females generally, of whatever condition, are destitute of grace, of taste, of style; in one word, it may be said that an English woman has two left hands.'

Now this we will take leave to say is one of the most ungallant things that ever came from the pen of a Frenchman. Besides, our own experience is sufficient to convince us that it is not true in the extent asserted by the general. It has happened to us, to have seen several of the better sort of English women, in this country, who in neatness of style in dress, and likewise in elegance of manners, might almost have passed for our own charming countrymen. They certainly possessed no more than one left hand, and performed the functions usually assumed by the hands, particularly in fanning themselves during our hot summer days, in a style not altogether deplorable.

It is a delicate subject to meddle with a young lady's wardrobe, and we are surprised that major general Pillet so far forgot the chivalrous part of his profession, as to enter into the details of each article of that sacred depository. 'The inventory,' he affirms, 'of the pretty English miss, is almost always composed of one chemise upon her back, and a second in her bandbox; two dimity petticoats, two pair of cotton hose, two short gowns, one white, the other calico, three handkerchiefs, serving alternately for the pocket and the neck; some muslin articles of millinery, a few locks of hair, which is refitted when soiled or injured by use, and one pair of shoes on her feet, which the use of pattens prevents from becoming wet or dirty.' The general, however, candidly confesses, that he prefers the appearance of a young English damsel, thus simply and neatly attired, to all the gorgeous flowing finery of the Parisian girls. We cannot but agree with him, and earnestly hope that the young misses of our own country, will take a hint from the simple economy of young women in the same classes of society in England. Young women of no fortune, who are above the necessity of labouring, are, for the most part, brought up among us in America, with an utter ignorance and disregard to every species of domestic usefulness and economy. They flare away, and sport the summer of life, which lasts while the labour of the parent can administer to their extravagance; and when he dies, become dependents on some brother, or married sister, for the rest of their lives; or in failure of that, retire to board in some cheap country village, become exceedingly pious, and withal a little scandalous—and take snuff at all mankind. There are but few young men in our country that can afford to support an extravagant wife, who does not bring the means of supplying her own fictitious wants, and this is the true reason why there are such swarms of our blooming damsels withering in the streets of our cities, and such an alarming crop of old maids *by brevet*, who are preparing themselves for what is to come, by studying the Balance of Comfort, and deriving consolation from the single blessedness of good Mrs. Charlton, and little Miss Amy Finch. As stanch friends to the gentle sex, we would advise them forthwith to begin the study and the practice of a well regulated economy—to think sometimes of saving as well as of spending—and, above all, to dress according to their means and situation. They will then attract the regards of

prudent and reflecting young men, who seek the choicest gem of life in a gentle, modest, economical wife—they will bring and receive blessings in that state to which reason and nature have assigned the performance of woman's duties, and the enjoyment of her happiness—the country will be enriched by new citizens educated by such mothers—and the dandies, and corset travelled gentlemen may exhibit their thin waists and thick legs, at tea parties, in vain.

The general next proceeds to remark on the public spirit, and national pride of the English, which he considers, we think with some justice, as one great source of their eminence, and as the most valuable of all national possessions. 'I have seen,' he says, 'all her manufactories without employment, her people exhausted with famine, and oppressed with taxes—her paper money every day brought into discredit, by the necessary purchases of gold to supply immediate wants, and pay her armies abroad; I have seen her coasts threatened, and the invasion would have been made with a certainty of success, if France had not suffered herself to be diverted, and directed in some degree, by the flames which England kindled in the midst of the continent, to scatter the fire which threatened her own doors; I have seen her armies melt away in Spain, and the English government, to prevent their total annihilation, obliged to diminish the population of the three kingdoms in a proportion far more alarming than any calls which have been made upon ours; in fine, I have seen her excite commotions in her own bosom, to increase, by terror, the number of her recruits; and I have seen the English people in the midst of all its calamities, I have seen this people, who never make war but with the ambitious design of seizing upon the commerce of the world, whose political security can in no wise be endangered by peace, exclaiming on all sides—"France must be destroyed; her inhabitants, to the last soul, must perish, and to effect this, every man who is able must bear arms, and even the last guinea must be expended."'

But while the general pays due honour to the public spirit which distinguishes the British nation, he affirms that it is accompanied by a cruel and ferocious spirit, a contempt for its neighbours, and a total disregard to the rights of other nations, when these rights interfere with the existence or the interests of England. We cannot but affirm that he is misled, by his antipathies in this as in many other instances. The principle of self-preservation applies to nations as well as individuals. If, for instance, the British government found it necessary, to the existence of the nation, or what is the same thing, the maintenance of the ministry in their places, to put all France to the sword, to carry on a war of absolute extermination, none but an unreasonable and prejudiced Frenchman would deny the propriety of such a world of warfare. It follows also, that if the war thus waged was, in its origin, salutary and patriotic—the mode of procuring the means of prosecuting it, whatever that may be; is sanctified by the necessity of the case. Thus, if it became absolutely necessary, in order to en-

able England to carry on this war of extermination against France, to chase the merchant vessels of every other nation from the seas, and monopolize the commerce of the world, the patriotism of the English was nobly exhibited, in their orders in council, their impressments, and their outrages upon the rights and sovereignty of other nations. Consequently these nations were the adherents of Napoleon Bonaparte, the enemies of universal freedom, and all good government, who dared to stigmatize England for a measure without which she could not possibly exterminate the French. These measures were justified by the necessity of the case—by the holy cause in which England was embarked for the liberties of Europe; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the government of the United States, which took up arms against these reasonable pretensions, was guilty of all the guilt of an unreasonable, unnecessary, and unnatural war. The general, therefore, only exhibits his absurd Gallic prejudices, when he endeavours to impeach the purity of that patriotism, which seeks its object at the expense of the whole world. Philanthropy and patriotism are two opposite qualities in England, where no true subject will scruple to commit injustice to other nations, to enlarge the commerce, or enable ministers to pay the interest of the national debt, which is, as it were, the great Juggernaut, to which not only India, but the rest of the world must be sacrificed if necessary.

After this, the general goes on to give to his readers the outlines of the British constitution, together with various speculations on its advantages and disadvantages, as well as the causes that menace its downfall. We shall not trouble ourselves with any remarks on this part of the work. If the reader has perused all that has been written about the British constitution, by natives and foreigners, he may stand a chance of understanding the subject nearly as well as he did before he acquired all this learning; and if he has not, we think he had better postpone his researches, until the British constitution is settled, for it seems, of late years, to have been in perpetual motion. We will therefore proceed to notice the next chapter, treating of charitable institutions.

The major general acknowledges, that all sorts of philanthropic institutions are on a magnificent scale in England, and that their charities are almost unbounded. But, with his usual perverseness, he ascribes all this to ostentation—to the desire of imposing on the world, and in order to fortify this ill-natured assertion, maintains, that '*the heart of an Englishman is in his head.*' This is in direct contradiction to Dr. Pearson, a learned English physician, who once told us he could always distinguish a native of either of the united kingdoms, by the seat of his disorder. 'If,' said the doctor, 'the disease was in the *head*, I knew my patient was a Scotsman—if in the heart, or its neighbourhood, I was equally certain of his being an Irishman—but if in the belly, I pronounced him a John Bull irrevocably.' Now, on the authority of this learned physician, we assert positively, that the major general betrays an utter and consummate ignorance of the anatomy of Englishmen,

by asserting that the seat of their feelings, propensities, and affections, the governing principle in fact, is placed in the head. The learned doctor's authority is decisive against this preposterous notion.

There is a curious chapter following close at the heels of this blunder, called 'sanctity of oaths,' which we have noticed before, and to which M. Vievard, as quoted by us, has given so satisfactory an answer, that instead of adding any thing to it, we will proceed to state the origin of the universal opinion so unjustly prevailing in the world, respecting the disregard of the English people to the sanctity of oaths. This opinion, we doubt, is in a great measure owing to our ignorance of the nice and peculiar distinctions that enter into the spirit of the English laws, and the English morality. Thus a variety of old rules and customs subsist in the statute books, which it has been thought better to erase, by an innocent 'false declaration,' as M. Vievard calls it, than take the trouble to alter. They form a part of the law of England, and among a civil people it is always thought better to let the law be broken, when it ceases to be applicable to the spirit of the times, rather than deface the system by taking out of it, as it were, certain pieces, here and there, and thus weakening the whole edifice. Hence it is, that my lord Ellenborough administers to a man an oath, on the face of it false, but which, as nobody believes, and nobody is injured by, the English morality considers indifferent in itself, and a mere matter of course. It is but a fiction of law, which amounts to nothing when properly understood. There is a great advantage resulting from this practice of suffering the laws to become, as it were, a dead letter, by this habit of making 'false declarations,' as M. Vievard politely calls them, since, by this means, the law still remains a trap to catch notorious or obnoxious offenders, whom the administrators of the laws may wish to get out of the way, such as political opponents or mischievous demagogues, clamouring for reform, but in reality aiming at the destruction of the constitution. It is related of Pope, that happening to stumble one dark night, he involuntarily exclaimed, '*God mend me*'—and heard the lad who was lighting him with a lantern, say to himself, '*He'd better make a new one.*' So with the British constitution, which, in the lapse of ages, has sustained so many shocks, and has become so infirm and rickety, that to attempt the restoration of its ancient wholesome vigour, would be a more desperate undertaking than to make a new one. This the enlightened philanthropists, and pious politicians, who at present govern that country, are well aware of, and hence it is that they sometimes revive old laws, and suspend later ones, for the sole purpose of catching some of these enemies of the constitution, these pretended reformers.

We will content ourselves with a single instance, which occurred the other day. One of those agents of corruption, who constitute a class of people in England, and receive a certain per centage from the parliamentary candidates, for all the money they distribute in bribes, by the name of Ferguson, was lately imprisoned

for bribery at an election. A few weeks since, sir Francis Burdett moved, in the house of commons, for Ferguson's discharge, on the ground that the practice had become so common, and the impunity of it so glaring, that the law was in fact a dead letter. He instanced the case of lord Castlereagh, against whom such a charge had been proved in that very house, yet the noble lord was not imprisoned, impeached, or in any way punished. His lordship in reply coolly stated, that he perceived the motive of the honourable baronet in bringing forward this motion, but that for his part, 'his conscience was perfectly easy on that subject.' Nobody denied the fact of the bribery, nor did the noble lord himself, whose conscience was so easy on the subject. Some of his friends, however, gallantly carried the war into sir Francis's own territories, and charged him with corrupting the electors of Westminster, so that the baronet finally withdrew his motion—poor Mr. Ferguson remained in prison—my lord Castlereagh remained minister, and the true moral of the following fable was strikingly exemplified, as sir Francis humorously observed. The royal lion being sick, and his doctors suggesting that it was owing to the crimes and wickedness of the subject beasts, they were led up before the competent tribunal for examination. The wolf acknowledged, that for his part, he had sometimes made free with a flock of sheep, and torn them to pieces—the bear confessed that he had been guilty of squeezing two or three men to death in his paws—and the tiger acknowledged, that being very much in want of food, he had more than once devoured people alive. The judges acquitted them, as these were matters of too little consequence to have occasioned his majesty's illness. A poor ass was then brought out, who acknowledged, that tempted once by extreme hunger, he had made free with a thistle belonging to his majesty. The whole court hereupon unanimously declared that the true delinquent was found at last, and condemned him to be torn to pieces, and divided between the wolf, the bear, and the tiger.

But to return to the subject of 'false declarations.' Another source of the mistaken idea that the people of England pay less regard to the sanctity of oaths, than the rest of the world, is to be found in the injudicious avowals of some of their parliamentary orators. It is not a great while since Mr. Stephen, author of *War in Disguise*, brother-in-law of Mr. Wilberforce, and member of all the Bible, and missionary, and manumission societies, ridiculed in the house the idea of the commerce of England being restrained in Germany, by any regard to *trifling scruples*. Now it was well known, at that time, that the introduction of British goods into Germany was necessarily attended with forgery and perjury, and when Mr. Stephen called these trifling scruples, he perhaps was not aware that such a public declaration, from a distinguished member of parliament, was eminently calculated to make an impression abroad, greatly to the disadvantage of the nation. When it is known also, that in the city of London, and other commercial places, there were offices publicly kept, the owners of which pub-

licly, and with complete impunity, advertised to furnish every species of simulated papers necessary to cover trade carried on in express violation of the regulations of a foreign state, it is hardly to be wondered at, that general Pillet should have fallen into this error respecting the disregard of the English nation to the sanctity of oaths, or that the world is prepared to believe his charges. For our part, we will content ourselves with referring to M. Vievard for a full account of this matter, simply asking the reader whether it is possible to believe, that a nation which drinks brandy and beer out of pure patriotism, as its champion affirms—which frees negroes and enslaves Indians—which sends forth every year such excellent books of morality—which takes the money out of the pockets even of a starving people to build churches—and bestows on suffering humanity in alms, almost one twentieth of what it receives from it in taxes—whether such a nation can possibly be suspected of a habitual disregard to the sanctity of oaths?

The next succeeding chapters of the work are devoted to a consideration of that prevalence of crimes in England, which has not only been remarked by their own writers, but is now so notorious to the world, that the repetition is only another proof of the malignant hostility of this writer. He enumerates a variety of cases of husbands murdering wives, and wives husbands—assassination of lovers, parricide, infanticide, adultery, divorce, &c. and from the number and prevalence of these crimes, preposterously draws the conclusion that the whole nation is corrupted. Nothing can be more unjust than this mode of drawing general conclusions from particular facts. True it is, that where the frequent recurrence of crimes of the deepest die takes place, we may reasonably conclude that there is a great proportion of human turpitude, and that when adultery and divorce become common, there must be a great want of female chastity. Yet for a writer to take occasion, from them, to stigmatize a whole people with the vices only of a part, is a species of flagrant, not to say unprincipled hostility, worthy of the *Quarterly Review*.

It is but fair, however, to state, that the major general does not blame the people altogether, for the multiplicity of their crimes. He ascribes a good portion of them to the climate, to the air, which it seems, 'impels the enormous and incalculable crimes which are there committed.' To prove this, he instances the convicts to Botany Bay, who, he affirms, have generally conducted themselves in an admirable manner, and become excellent citizens. Now we will simply ask the major general, whether it is not ungenerous thus to charge a whole nation with a turpitude which, according to his own admission, is produced by the very air they breathe, and which they cannot escape from, except by retiring to Botany Bay, or some other salubrious climate? For our part, we feel inclined to pity an unfortunate people whom fate hath thus, as it were, deprived of all chance of being virtuous, and think they deserve infinite credit for being no worse than they are. Men must breathe if they would live, and if they inhale the poison of moral contagion with every

breath, it is little to be wondered at, if they should not be quite as good as their neighbours; nor are they altogether inexcusable when they put on the mask of piety, humanity, and disinterestedness, for the purpose of keeping up a tolerable reputation with the world. It shows no small degree of virtue in a people thus unfortunately situated, to take even this trouble to impose on the rest of mankind. We are therefore inclined to think that the English are not a little indebted to the major general for his theory, which although it does certainly preclude all reasonable hope of reformation in their native air, furnishes at the same time an easy and infallible resource, a complete moral resuscitation, in a temporary retirement at Botany Bay. Only rescue this truly unfortunate people from the bad air, and bad company of England, and we will venture to say they will not be much behind hand with the rest of their neighbours.

The next charge which the major general brings against the English is that of cruelty to animals, in their mode of making bacon, which is beating a pig black and blue—cudgelling him in fact, until fat and lean are confounded and amalgamated into a sort of marbled mass, of which the epicures are exceedingly fond. This process we confess, at first sight, has an appearance of barbarity; but when we revert to the fact, that during the whole continuance of the discipline, the pig waxes fat every day, it is reasonable to conclude that he likes this thumping, or at least if he does not, that it is wholesome and salutary—and therefore his squeaking is nothing but sheer affectation. Another instance cited by the major general, is the mode of killing beef, which he says is as follows: ‘A gentleman conducted me to the slaughter-house of a butcher; the boy was furnished with a large knife, with which he hamstrung two cows; he then cut off the teats, and gave them several stabs in different parts of the body, taking care that they were not mortal; at last he left them in this state, to be killed the next day—when they should be in a high state of fever.’ This also at first sight looks a little hard-hearted—but then of what mighty consequence is it how butchers kill meat? It is probably this very process, which enables every little spruce looking, and hungry English emigrant, to boast with such a confident superiority of ‘the roast beef of England,’ and consequently the national honour is concerned, and as M. Vievard remarks on the subject of drinking, it is the ‘patriotism’ of the butchers that causes them to indulge in this refinement of cruelty, against the harmless, honest cow, whose milk is the nourishment of our youth—and who administers in so many ways to the solace of mankind, that nothing but that great motive could justify her being wantonly tortured.

Yet after all, this practice is not a great deal worse than bull-baiting. It certainly does not contribute so much to demoralize a nation, because it is practised in secret, whereas the other is a public exhibition, and corrupts the feelings of the multitude. The one is a practice that never endangers human life, and administers to the comforts of that fortunate portion of the English na-

tion, which sometimes eat beef; whereas the other is often fatal to actors and spectators, and only gives a temporary amusement to a parcel of idle and demoralized people. But even admitting it to be otherwise, we would ask the major general, whether he thinks the trifling article of cruelty to pigs and cattle, can weigh against the solid virtues of the English nation—a nation which disinterestedly fought for the liberties of Europe for twenty years, and as disinterestedly gave them up afterwards—a nation which distributes half a million of bibles yearly to people who cannot read them—and whose rulers take every possible means to reform mankind, except by setting them a good example?

But we must hasten on, or we shall never get through with our vindication. The major general, with a want of gallantry quite characteristic of a revolutionary *sans culottes*, affirms, that the English ladies are as ‘patriotic,’ according to M. Veivard’s theory, as the gentlemen, princes, and common people. ‘I have often remarked, and a thousand others have remarked it as well as myself, that the ladies in the drawing rooms, when the tea was brought forward, were in that state called *half seas over*, although you seldom see more than one small wine glass in the room.’ This tippling, according to the general, goes on in the bed chamber of the lady of the house—where no males are admitted, and he seems to insinuate that this is the reason why ladies do not receive visits in their bed chambers, as in France. Neither unmarried girls, nor new married ladies are, he says, admitted to these select parties ‘until they have passed through a sort of probation, and at a certain age, about forty; a time of life at which every English woman of fashion drinks some spirit before she goes to bed, under pretence of preventing flatulency, and a pain in the stomach.’ He goes on to affirm that this practice is general among the lower orders of women, whose ‘patriotism’ is quite equal to that of the ladies of quality, and that the men never forget their antipathy to a Frenchman, except when tasting his bottle of brandy, and being really satisfied that the delicious beverage is the product of France, and may be had for eight pence a bottle. ‘The reconciliation,’ adds the major general, ‘which this produces, lasts no longer than the intoxication; still it does take place, and drunkenness has never obtained so great a triumph.’

Whatever may be the case with Englishmen, or whatever their ‘patriotism,’ in respect to drinking, we cannot bring our minds to a reception of the charges against the women, and especially the ladies of fashion. We never had the happiness of being in England, but we have had the happiness of knowing several ladies of that country, who have honoured ours with a visit, and pledge our honours as men and Reviewers, that we never saw one *half seas over*, as the general calls it, in the whole course of our lives. True it is the air of this country may have had the same salutary influence as that ascribed to Botany Bay, by M. Pillet, in keeping them from this indecorum, or perhaps they might have been under some restraint before strangers; still on the whole are we con-

vinced he has carried his assertions much too far, and that this indecent practice is not so universal, at least among ladies of quality, as the general would have us believe. The habit which has grown so common of late in England, of celebrating the most trifling actions, and recording the most insignificant amusements of the great, as they are humorously called, is one principal cause, we are convinced, that the people have got the reputation of intemperance, vice, and debauchery. A nation governed by a king has its reputation so much intertwined with his, that it is almost impossible to separate them. A great monarch makes a great people—as a good master makes fat slaves—and a small king, by the same rule, brings down the character of the nation he governs to his own level. Thus when we read the details of unseemly debauches, criminal excesses, and ungentlemanly follies, to say no more of them, ascribed to certain princes, we involuntarily set down their subjects as worthy of the rulers, whom they thus permit to outrage the common duties, and common decencies of life. The following notice of ‘the Belvoir castle festivity,’ as it is politely termed, is taken from an English paper of that day, and we have no doubt has done much injury to the character of the English nation, in the way we have just attempted to explain. It may be proper to state that the entertainment was in celebration of the christening of the young marquis of Granby, son and heir to the duke of Rutland, whose estate, amounting to somewhere about 130,000 sterling a year, he could afford to deal out punch most heartily on this important occasion. The British papers thus announced this grand festivity at Belvoir castle.

‘The house contained more than two hundred individuals, who bore a part in the rejoicings. The cistern of punch, under the direction of the steward, Mr. Douglas, was served up in the anti-chamber, and on Tuesday, a number of brave fellows among the servants and tenants, lay dead drunk on the floor. Every entrance to the house presented the appearance of a castle taken by assault. The healths of the young marquis, the noble host, and the prince regent, were drank to the last. Most of the guests having fallen into the subterraneous passages of the castle, did not begin to show any symptoms of life till the next day. The punch was not entirely finished at ten the next day—and ocular witnesses assert that the castle, in the drawing rooms, as well as in the lobbies, not only had the appearance of a place carried by storm, but also that of a scene of the most disgusting orgies, and the most shameful debauchery.’ It may be worth while to remark that the prince regent stood sponsor, and the archbishop of Canterbury christened the auspicious young marquis, whose baptism was thus gloriously celebrated. If princes and archbishops will go to such christenings, and if the newspapers will trumpet them forth to the world, it is scarcely to be wondered at, if they should contribute to fix a character of intemperance, vulgarity, and indecency on the whole nation.

We now come to notice the most serious of all the charges brought by the major general, against England, that of ill treatment of prisoners of war. The circumstances related by him, if true, are calculated to throw a stain of ungenerous inhumanity, sufficient in itself to dishonour a whole nation. The details are too extensive for us to particularize, and we will merely select such parts as appear most striking. If they are not true, the general ought to be branded as a calumniator; and if they are, the government that sanctions them should be branded with infamy, notwithstanding its sympathy for the woes of Africa, and its struggles for the liberties of Europe. The general proceeds to say, what is within our own recollection, that the medical society of London was consulted about the insalubrity of the hulks, when they declared that a man who should have survived six years imprisonment of this kind, could only expect that the remnant of his life would be feeble and languishing. Yet it seems this decision was not followed by any reform, or amelioration in the situation of the prisoners, who, according to M. Pillet are thus disposed:

‘The space allowed to a prisoner to suspend his hammock, is six English feet long, and fourteen inches wide; but these six feet are reduced to four and a half, because it is so contrived that the cords of the hammocks run into each other, and consequently the head of every man in the second rank, when lying down, is placed between the legs of the two men who are in the first rank of the deck, and his feet are placed between the two heads of those of the third rank, and so on from one extremity of the deck to the other. The breadth of an ordinary man, from one elbow to the other is eighteen inches. It appears then that in the hulks, he is allowed much less room to lie down in, than the space which his body must fill, or exceed.

‘The situation of prisoners, reduced to such a state of torture,’ proceeds M. Pillet, ‘is doubtless dreadful, but the evil does not stop here. The hulks are always full, that is to say, overflowing. If new prisoners arrive, they throw them into the decks, without caring what becomes of them, although the measure of the room allowed is determined, and fixed at less than what is physically necessary. Then a punishment, which it is impossible to describe, commences for the new comers. They find no place to suspend their hammocks, and are obliged to lay upon the damp and naked planks; and a prisoner, whatever may be his rank, is forced to remain in that situation when he comes to a hulk already filled. The agent to whom officers are delivered over, never fails to send them in preference to the full hulks, and always chooses those which are the most inconvenient; there then remains for the officer thus imprisoned, according to the elevation of his rank, or in other words, according to his pecuniary means, the resource of purchasing a place. This is a miserable speculation for a famished prisoner; he consents to sell his place that he may be able to procure a little more victuals for a few days, and that he may not die with hunger, hastens the destruction of his health, and subjects

himself to lying upon a deck running with water, the evaporation of forced sweats, which take place in this abode of anguish and death.

‘Numberless representations,’ continues the general, ‘have been made to those who have the care of prisoners of war, of this barbarous accumulation of them. They have always replied, that the admiralty did not allow their sailors on board their vessels, more room than the space allowed to the prisoners in their hulks. This answer is as ridiculous as barbarous. On board a vessel at sea, scarcely half the places are occupied, because half the crew are always on duty. The atrocious English administration who have the care of prisoners did not add, that the air circulates freely, night and day, in vessels of war; that the sailors can go up and down at will; that continual exercise, abundance of food, and a quantity of spirituous liquors, distributed to each man, preserve the strength of the crew; while the prisoners of war, the unfortunate victims of barbarity and cupidity, are subjected to nourishment insufficient and of bad quality, and are deprived of the use of all sorts of spirits, although this tonic may be thought necessary for them. The prisoners are refused these spirituous draughts because such a refusal makes part of the plan of destroying their health. Those who have the care of prisoners of war, are also as careful not to mention that they are confined with bolts, sixteen successive hours during the winter nights, and that they are as hermetically sealed up as a box perfectly put together, whose cover has been shut down. In this dungeon of actual woes, the air is so loaded with damp and deleterious vapours, that the candles are so impregnated with it as to cease burning. These vapours inhaled and expired in turn by the lungs, soon convey the same sort of death into those individuals who were not yet affected by it; the air is so fetid, dense, and hot, that the guards have been known to call for assistance in extinguishing the fire, when one of the apertures opened, in those cases of necessity abovementioned, conveyed to them the burning exhalations which were escaping from those infected dungeons.

‘This system of murder and cruelty,’ adds M. Pillet, ‘has been pursued in the two last wars, by the transport office, which has always at its head the same men, with a fury and method which almost exceeds belief. In the first war 30,000 men died with inanition in five months. I have seen a spot of ground at Norman Cross, where nearly four thousand men, out of seven thousand confined in the prison, were buried. Provisions were then dear in England, and our government, they said, had refused to pay a demand which they pretended was due for their prisoners. To obtain this demand, all the prisoners were placed on half rations, and to be perfectly sure of their perishing, the introduction of provisions for sale, as had been the custom, was strictly forbidden. To the failure in the quantity, was added the deteriorated and injurious quality of the provisions distributed. Four times a week they gave some water biscuit, fish, and salt meat, and three times black bread,

badly baked, and made of bad meal, or spoiled grain. Immediately after eating it, the prisoner was seized with a sort of drunkenness, followed by a violent headache, fever, and diarrhœa, with redness of countenance, and many died, attacked with a sort of vertigo.' General Pillet goes on to state particulars resulting from this famished state of the prisoners, too disgusting and horrible for us to present to the reader. He states, that such are the abuses practised by the officers and agents connected with these depots of prisoners, that though the government allows each prisoner a jacket, a waistcoat, a pairs of pantaloons, two pair of stockings, two shirts, a pair of shoes, and a hat, once in eighteen months, yet the prisoners do not in fact receive a full suit once in four years; so that the nakedness of these poor creatures is frightful, and their rags covered with vermin.

The general further says, that 'when they are to be counted, some soldiers go down to drive up the prisoners, and then shocking acts of brutality are committed. Prisoners have sometimes been pierced with bayonets, or maimed with sabres, at the will of a drunken soldier, because they did not ascend fast enough. In this case there is no redress to be obtained or expected. Colonel Vatable and myself, the witnesses and almost the victims of such an act of barbarity, saw a poor fellow fall under the blows he received from the sabre of a soldier, the chief of which was a deep gash on the arm. We expressed our indignation, and as the only redress to our complaint, we were answered that the soldier was somewhat brutal, that he had been drinking, and that such an affair could never happen again. The next day orders were given that colonel Vatable and myself should, from that time, be shut up before the roll-call, that we might not be witness, or be able to complain of the murder of our countrymen. It is thus,' he adds, 'that justice is generally administered to French prisoners of war in England, where murder has been followed by immediate death, which has often happened; the verdict of the jury has always been justifiable homicide.' Under these manifold sufferings, privations, and cruelties, M. Pillet affirms, that at least one hundred and fifty thousand French prisoners of war perished in the hulks and depots of England.

These are serious charges, and ought to be seriously answered. If false, they ought to be disproved in a manner more satisfactory than the suppression of the work in which they are brought forward, or by obliging poor M. Vievard, to come forward and defend the honour of England, as he does in fact, by acknowledging their truth. For ourselves, we can only appeal to what the English say of themselves, and their conduct to our own citizens under similar circumstances. They affirm themselves to be the most humane, benevolent, and merciful people in the world, and certainly they ought to be, seeing the purgation the nation undergoes, every day as it were, by the number of evil doers, sent to Botany Bay, or turned off at Newgate and elsewhere. It may be urged by cavillers, that no credit is due to what nations, any more than individuals, say of themselves; this we doubt is a mistake, since no one

can be so accurate a judge of his good qualities as the owner himself. It may be further urged, that his self-love may deceive, or his vanity prompt him to deceive others in the estimation of his own virtues. But, on the other hand, that principle of modesty, for which the English people are so distinguished, will always operate in restraining the effervescence, or at least the expression of this vanity, and hence we are inclined to take the uniform declarations of a whole people, in preference to the assertions of a single Frenchman.

As to our particular experience, it is true, that is not eminently calculated to inspire us with a very exalted opinion of the humanity of the English. Yet we doubt not that there exists in the minds of Englishmen many pleas of justification for their various outrages on the laws and usages of civilization, although we confess ourselves at a loss to conceive what these are. The massacre at the river Raisin, for instance, might have been permitted by them, through fear of disobliging Tecumseh, and their copper-coloured allies, which might have defeated the whole campaign. With respect to the burning of Havre de Grace, the rapes at Hampton, and the *pleasantries* that occurred at St. Mary's, St. Inigoes, and other neighbouring parts of Maryland, there is little doubt that admiral Cockburn, and his roystering companions, considered them as good jokes, mere frolics for the amusement of the men. If so, however we may demur to the English idea of a joke, we ought not to put to the score of inhumanity what was merely the consequence of that want of a clear perception of right and wrong, for which John Bull is so distinguished.

The illustrious Cockburn, that right pleasant free-booter, and jocular sheep-stealer, by way of a frolic, went on shore one Sunday morning, accompanied by a rout of equally pleasant rogues, to crack a joke on one squire Booth, who dwelt just on the bank of St. Mary's river. The first object they selected for the jest happened to be a bullock, blind of one eye, who was standing lashing the flies with his tail, under a tree at the side of a fence, with his blind side towards the enemy. The gallant band formed into a crescent, and silently advanced, intending to take him by surprise—but the admiral happening to take a pinch of snuff, fell a-sneezing, and alarmed the bullock, who forthwith brought his best eye to bear upon them. Frightened, at being thus surrounded, and perceiving the circle of his freedom becoming gradually circumscribed by the approach of the enemy, he suddenly made a dash at a little bandy-legged drummer, who was beating the charge most gallantly, threw him incontinently into a brier bush, with his head stuck into the parchment of his own drum, and made his escape to another part of the field. Hereupon a great laugh arose among these jocular persons, particularly the admiral, who laughed exceedingly thereat. Three times they surrounded the magnanimous bullock of squire Booth, and three times did he break the ranks, overthrowing all before him, and the last time clearing all the fences around him, he made his escape into the swamps, and never was heard of afterwards. The admiral finding this joke rather a

poor one, facetiously ordered squire Booth's flock of sheep to be driven into his own barn yard, counted them himself as they were taken out, for fear of any mistake, and carried them on board, laughing all the way ready to split his sides. Now we will ask any unprejudiced person, whether this little prank, and a thousand others of the same kind, practised by the English forces about the Chesapeake, and elsewhere, ought to be considered as indicating barbarity, or want of principle, and whether they do not come under the class of legitimate practical jokes?

On the whole then, we consider this part of the major general's book as a tissue of atrocious calumnies, notwithstanding the admission of M. Vievard, in his defence of England, and most especially that part of it which attributes a portion of the ill usage he complains of, to a particular hostility to the French. We will merely ask him, whether they did not treat our prisoners in the same way at Dartmoor? If they massacred Frenchmen on board of the hulk *Samson*, did they not do the same to the Americans at the Dartmoor prison? And if their juries brought in the massacre of these French prisoners, as 'justifiable homicide,' did they not do the same as respected the massacre of Americans? We will therefore take leave to tell the general, that he displays his own national antipathies, when he ascribes these outrages to any particular preference of one nation over another, in the scale of national antipathy. The fact is, and we appeal to our own experience for the truth, that the conduct of England has been strictly impartial as respects her prisoners of war, and the idea of the French being treated more cruelly than others, has not the least foundation.

We have now got through the most exceptionable portions of this most scurrilous book, which, in some parts, is almost as indecently outrageous against England, as the *Quarterly Review* is against France. It were to be wished, for the honour of the species, that nations would leave off abusing each other. Before that mischievous discovery, the art of printing, wars were conducted in a gentlemanlike manner, and consisted in a mutual exchange of broken heads, till one or other party was satisfied. But of late years, they have been preceded, like the combats of Homer's heroes, by regular scolding bouts, and conducted pretty much in the manner of a set-to between a couple of fishwomen, who scold, and catterwaul, and pull caps, all at once; and not content with scratching faces, by way of episode, call one another divers hard names, such as drunkard, thief, and others it would be indecent to mention. This has been most especially the case with England, who, while sending her armies into different parts of the world, to maintain the freedom of various nations, has signalized its disinterested generosity by arranging its innumerable body of Swiss writers, to prove these very nations altogether unworthy such a magnanimous interference in their favour. She first gave them freedom, that is to say, sir Robert Filmer's* freedom, and then ruined their repu-

* Sir Robert affirms, in his *Patriarcha*, that 'the desire of liberty was the first cause of the fall of Adam.'

tation. It is a great pity that great nations cannot fight their battles without calling each other hard names, and be content with the decision of Providence in favour of the conquering party, as in the trial by *battle*, without appealing to other people to say whose cause is just. It is not long since this country, being happily exempt from any domestic afflictions and intestine grievances, fell incontinently together by the ears, for the purpose of settling the great question, whether Napoleon Bonaparte, or king Castle-reagh was the greatest rogue. The people elected their representatives and broke each others heads on the score of this interesting inquiry, and there is no knowing to what extremity it might have led, had not the subject been swallowed up by another equally interesting, namely, whether the English or the French nation, is the most corrupt, demoralized, and beggarly in the world. If we take their respective accounts of each other, especially since the appearance of general Pillet's 'Views,' it is a moot point which is the worst of the two, although the English have rather the greatest quantity of abuse in their favour. The redoubtable Quarterly Review, in itself, is equal to a host, and no one can peruse its *criticisms* on France, without being fully convinced that the French are quite as bad as their neighbours and rivals on the other side of the channel—with this exception, however, in their favour, that the French are not so much given to monopoly—they have not, like the unreasonable English, monopolized all the morality, piety, patriotism, and cardinal virtues of the whole savage and civilized world, to the utter exclusion of the rest of mankind.

Yet with all their faults, their vanity, their arrogance, their this and their that, it must be confessed they are nations of the first distinction, that is to say, among their neighbours in Europe. Farther off, it is true, they don't make so distinguished a figure. In China, for instance, their envoys are obliged to make divers unseemly evolutions of the body before the emperor, and crawl, and bow their foreheads to the dust, or are packed about their business without ceremony. In this country also, it must be confessed, they don't stand so high as they used to do—their kings being treated by us with very little ceremony. Now, as all national dignity is concentrated in these countries in the person of the king, who is the great punch of the puppet show, in all public exhibitions, it is pretty clear that in treating such exalted personages with disrespect, we can feel little admiration of the people who submit to the sacrifice of their rights, to uphold a puppet, for slaves to adore, and freemen to despise.

Nevertheless, we will conclude this long article, with repeating our conviction, that the French and English nations are superior to all the rest of the world, and in so doing convict them of being the greatest liars in existence; since, if we were to believe what they write of one another, we should come to a conclusion directly opposite. It is somewhere said by Voltaire, that after Jupiter had made the Frenchman, he was alarmed at the wonderful intellec-

tual superiority which he perceived would result from the perfect organization of his brain, by means of which he would, in a little time, master the whole world. To remedy this, he took a mallet, and cracked his skull a little, to bring him nearer to the level of the rest of mankind. There is a story not altogether dissimilar, respecting the three kingdoms.

The immortal Jove, after creating all nations, at last with the advantage of the great experience thus acquired, sat down to finish his master work, in the composition of the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman. It has been generally boasted by the natives of Asia, that they were the last, best work of Jupiter, but this story contradicts them satisfactorily. When he had finished his work, his prescience enabled him to foresee, that such was the perfection, moral and physical, of the being thus created, that if suffered to go forth in his present perfect state, he would in time endanger the dynasty of Olympus, and depose the legitimate race of gods. Upon this he poured a little small beer into the skull of the Englishman, deposited a good sized potato near the brains of the Irishman, and wrapped those of the Scot in a salt herring. And this, whatever people may say to the contrary, is the veritable cause of that effervescence of conceit, which is continually oozing from the brain of your Englishman, as from the bung of a beer barrel. The propensity of the honest Irish to blunders, proceeds in like manner from the moisture exhaled from the potato, which, as it were, envelops the brain in a perpetual fog; and it is most certainly owing to the trick played the honest Scot, that the salt of the Edinburgh Review is not exactly *attic salt*, as it would be, were it not for this unlucky salt herring.

ART. II.—1. *A View of the English Stage; or a Series of Dramatic Criticisms.* By William Hazlitt. London 1818. 8vo. pp. 461.

2. *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.* By William Hazlitt. London 1817. 8vo. pp. 352.

3. *Lectures on the English Poets, delivered at the Surrey Institution.* By William Hazlitt. First American edition. Philadelphia 1818. 8vo. pp. 331.

‘UPLONDISH men,’ saith an old chronicler, ‘will counterfete and liken himself to gentlemen, and arn besy to speke Frenshe, for to be more sette by.’ The lapse of five hundred years has not altered either part of this preposition. Mr. Hazlitt, too, must liken himself to gentlemen, and affect to be acquainted with French. Employed successively, by the editors of all the most notorious newspapers in London, to write *criticisms* upon theatrical representations, he, at length, conceived himself qualified to draw the *characters* of Shakspeare’s Plays; and, being praised for that work, beyond his expectations, or his merits, he has been emboldened to extend his views to the whole circle of English poetry. He has been rapidly promoted from a paragraphist to a bookmaker; and,

whenever he now takes up his pen, he will not probably stop short of three hundred pages, in octavo.

We do not deny Mr. Hazlitt's right to become a gentleman; but we do conceive, that, to acquire that enviable name, he must have something besides his own rights, or our condescension. What he achieves will be regulated by what he aims at. He must have the true mark; and never think, that he becomes a gentleman, because he avoids being a fop. Whether from a real or affected contempt of this character, he runs into the opposite extreme. He suffers his hose to fall about his heels: his coat is unbrushed, his hair is uncut, his beard unshaved: he wears the knot of his cravat under one ear, &c. We have sometimes doubted, whether all this is done by design;—whether Mr. Hazlitt would be thought one of those rare geniuses, whose brilliancy of talents must redeem the eccentricities of their demeanour; or whether, like Sly, in the play, become a duke from a drunkard, he unconsciously betrays the lowliness of his origin, by perpetually vociferating, 'small beer!'

We know not why we should have chosen this mode of illustration; but perhaps it will serve as well as any other, to give the reader a general idea of Mr. Hazlitt's character as a man of letters. He belongs to a knot of writers, who think there is such a thing as pure, unadulterated English; that Dr. Johnson is the great corrupter of our speech; that a language, of which nine parts in ten consist of foreign derivations, may be written by itself; and that it is only necessary to discard such words as are derived from the Greek and Roman, in order to exhibit English in its unalloyed and primitive purity. If any thing can equal the absurdity of this object, it is the means by which these writers think to accomplish it. They seem to entertain an idea that pure English is composed of the most vulgar words, and of the most colloquial expressions in the language. They are weary of elegance and refinement; or, what is more likely, they are impatient of labour and care; and would seek an excuse for indolence, by pretending to act upon principle. They are enthusiasts for what they call *nature*. Every thing must be stript of all artificial ornament; and because clothes are a covering made with hands, our authors think they are to vindicate the rights of nature, by showing themselves naked in public.

Mr. Hazlitt, if not the head, is at least a very distinguished follower of the school. It is the great misfortune of this gentleman, that he ever read Shakspeare. The great poet is a genius, which such a man had not the power to withstand. He was struck, fascinated, and taken without resistance; and he is now swallowed up in admiration and delight. There is nothing wrong in Shakspeare: Shakspeare is his alpha and his omega: every thing must be compared to Shakspeare; and what is not like Shakspeare is not worth reading. Criticism upon such a writer, is almost out of the question. He is reduced to the most helpless impotency; and all the carelessness, grossness, and verbal trifling of his idol, are only

marks of genius, and themes of admiration. Our author goes even farther. What he adores, he strives to imitate. He would be a Shakspeare in prose; and, if low expressions, and slovenly composition can render him such, his wishes are undoubtedly fulfilled. He takes the concomitants of genius for its essence; and like all the servile herd of copyists, has only aped the defects of his model.

With all his servility of imitation, Mr. Hazlitt has not the least doubt himself, nor does he conceal the fact from others, that he is the master-spirit of the age. He has long been a critic for the theatres; and, taking his office to be one of the most dignified in the commonwealth of letters, he alludes to his achievements with all imaginable self-complacency. After remarking that the stage is not the best place to study the characters of Shakspeare, he adds, that 'it is too often filled with traditional common-place conceptions of the part, handed down from sire to son, and suited to the taste of the great vulgar and the small.—'Tis an unweeded garden: things rank and gross do merely engender in it! If a man of genius comes once in an age to clear away the rubbish, to make it fruitful and wholesome, they cry 'tis a bad school: it may be like nature, it may be like Shakspeare, but it is not like us.' 'Admirable critics!'

His school have a most singular idea of what they call Nature; and it would be 'clearing away rubbish,' indeed, if they could persuade mankind to discard all their 'common-place conceptions,' and adopt the new doctrines with which such 'men of genius' have deigned to enlighten the age. The first article in the creed, is, that man, by nature, is an innocent and virtuous being; and that all we hear, in satires and sermons, about his constitutional depravity, is only the effusion of spleen, or the raving of enthusiasm. Laws of every description are the great evils of the world. It is to the statutes of our legislatures, that we must attribute all the crimes, which they are designed to punish; and were it not for the ordinances of criticism, there could be no such thing as a bad style in composition. Has not God made man as he is? Did not he know what was best? And shall we be impious enough to meddle with his works?—to impose restraints upon those powers and propensities with which he has seen fit to endow the human race? Such is the logic by which these new *illuminati* would persuade us to take nature as our only guide; and to believe, that as long as we give ourselves no trouble about our state, every thought of the understanding will be just, and every suggestion of the heart be virtuous. Let the will have free scope. We must throw the reins upon the necks of our coursers; and though they may occasionally lead us astray, and sometimes upset us in the road, yet depend upon it, they will bring us out safe in the end.

This is a very convenient doctrine; and it is Shakspeare's contempt of law, which makes these writers so enamoured of his character. They follow him with tenfold adoration, for slighting all the rules which Aristotle and the rest had imposed upon lite-

rary composition. It is for strong minds to break through laws; and for the weak to admire the trespass, and follow the example.

The trait which Mr. Hazlitt so much admires, and would fain imitate, in Shakspeare, is what he calls his 'careless grace and felicity,'—the 'heedless magnanimity of his wit.' To be graceful he thinks it is only necessary to be careless; and he has no doubt, that if he is only heedless enough, he shall be sufficiently witty. It is a common prejudice, that our first impressions, and our first thoughts, are apt to be erroneous; and that a prudent man will take a second look, and reflect once more, before he ventures to pronounce his judgment. This is a species of self-denial and restraint, which is not to be tolerated by 'men of genius.' They must speak the first thing which enters their minds; and, by saying any thing and every thing, they hope to produce good things enough to counterbalance the bad.

This is the sort of headlong prattle, which Mr. Hazlitt fancies to be like nature, and like Shakspeare:—

'Death is a mighty abstraction,
——Chaucer knew this.'

Lectures, p. 66.

If we were to cite all the instances in which Mr. Hazlitt undertakes to be smart and familiar, we should be obliged to copy nearly the half of every page. 'I say,' he tells us, 'I say what I think;' and then supposing he must say something more to complete the sentence, he adds the nonsense, 'I think what I feel.' Of Troilus and Cressida, he observes, according to his heedless manner, 'it rambles on just as it happens;' and, then reflecting, that what 'rambles on' must overtake something, he tells us, 'it overtakes, together with some indifferent matter, a prodigious number of fine things in its way.' The thought strikes him, that Hamlet's character is an undulating line; and then he must observe, that Mr. Kemble plays it in a straight line, and Mr. Kean in a zigzag. After saying 'the *action* is desperate,' he must subjoin, 'and the *reaction* is dreadful.' These are examples of unusual care; for it is the general practice of our author to forget, in the last clause of a sentence, what he has said in the first. Speaking of Falstaff, he tells us, 'his very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits;' and, 'then he turns round (Falstaff turns round) on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion, and at a moment's warning.' Again, 'then fallows on the *neck* of her remorse and returning fondness, the wish treading almost on the *brink* of impiety.' In another place we have the 'felicitous' idea of *floating* triumphantly to the *bottom*. 'When Mr. Campbell lanches a sentiment, that you think will float him triumphantly for once to the bottom of the stanzas, he stops short at the end of the first or second line, and stands shivering on the brink of beauty, afraid to trust himself to the fathomless abyss.'

One characteristic of this new literary sect, is to associate words, which are totally opposed to each other; to use them in an inverted sense, or give them a paradoxical meaning. Nothing can be farther apart, than 'palsy' and 'energy;' yet Mr. Godwin speaks of

‘a palsied energy.’ Abruptness is the very opposite of monotony; yet Mr. Hazlitt speaks of ‘the abruptness and monotony in the inferno.’ Mr. Godwin talks of a thing being ‘*crushed* by the operation of *neglect*.’ Mr. Hazlitt has, the ‘power of indifference;’ calls slander ‘a very *potent* piece of *imbecility*;’ speaks of ‘a deal of *terrible* beauty;’ of ‘a sage critical balance;’ of satan’s ‘never flinching from self-love;’ of ‘awful beauty,’ ‘languid brilliancy,’ ‘soft silent lustre,’ ‘sullen intricacy,’ and a hundred other things equally incomprehensible. A lion is said to *lash* himself into rage by means of his own tail. The same word has been applied to waves, as they beat against the shore; and Mr. Hazlitt thus mixes the two things together: ‘How Othello’s passion lashes itself up, and swells and rages like a tide in its sounding course!’ We should suppose, that walking on stilts is not the business of a lazy man; yet Mr. Hazlitt tells us, that ‘Thompson mounts on stilts, not through vanity, but indolence.’ It is commonly imagined, that reason and passion are directly opposed to each other; but Mr. Hazlitt is never weary of repeating the paradox, ‘that nothing is so logical as passion.’

Mr. Hazlitt thinks it has, also, a pretty effect, and, above all, is Shakspearean, to make a play upon words. ‘I may assume, without temerity,’ he says, ‘that poetry is more poetical than painting.’ Clarissa, in Sir Charles Grandison, is said to be ‘interesting in all that is uninteresting.’ Spenser, ‘of all poets, is the most poetical.’ These expressions are intended to emulate such lines as these in Shakspeare:—

‘Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit’—

‘That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword’—

‘Starving poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,’ &c.—

Our author has an idea, too, that he gives force to his composition by accumulating upon a single substantive, a multiplicity of adjectives and adverbs. Milton’s Satan is ‘gigantic, irregular, portentous, *uneasy*, and disturbed;’ a string of epithets, which may have been made in imitation of Shakspeare’s ‘almighty, dreadful, *little* might.’ We often observe, that a person, in the ardor of conversation, when at a loss for words, will contrive to keep up his discourse, by uttering a set of arbitrary syllables, and giving them signification and force by means of his countenance and gestures. Such are those clumsy expressions, ‘lickity-split,’ ‘stripety-strain,’ ‘nimminee-pimminee,’ ‘namby-pamby,’ and a hundred others, which we might adduce. Mr. Hazlitt thinks, that such terms have acquired a determinate and classical meaning; and he is ever anxious to adorn his own chaste pages with as many of the kind as he can possibly crowd into a sentence. Della Cruscan poetry is a ‘tortuous, tottering, wriggling, fidgity translation of every thing from the vulgar tongue, into the tantalizing, teasing, tripping, lisp-ing, nimminee-pimminee of the highest brilliancy and fashion of poetical diction.’ Burns, again, ‘was not a sickly sentimentalist, a namby-pamby poet, a mincing, metre-ballad-monger, any more than

Shakspeare.* Other examples can be cited, though not quite so preposterous; such as 'the last, *poor, paltry* consolation;' 'antic, right-angled, sharp-pointed gestures;' 'laech-a-daisical, slip shod, tedious, trifling, foolish, fantastical verses,' &c.

Nor are these the only novelties with which Mr. Hazlitt condescends to amuse the world. We thought that our prepositions had at last found their proper stations; and would no longer be seen struggling without order, in every part of a sentence. But with Mr. Hazlitt, our prepositions too, must be free; and, provided they are in the sentence at all, it is of no consequence whether they take their places at the beginning or the end. 'Richard III,' we are told, 'is a play that every unfledged candidate for theatrical fame chuses to strut and fret his hour upon the stage *in*.' 'The Lear of Shakspeare,' says Mr. Charles Lamb, who is one of this school, 'can never be acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out *in*,' &c. Hamlet, says Mr. Hazlitt, 'relapses into indolence and thoughtfulness *again*;' 'when his father's spirit was in arms, it was not a time for the son to make love *in*,' &c. &c. Such words as 'drives before,' and 'carries with,' are commonly used together as a verb; and in written composition particularly, they always become weak when separated from each other. Mr. Hazlitt seems to think differently. 'Coriolanus comes,' says he, 'and with bravo and big words *drives* this set of poor rats, this rascal scum, to their homes and beggary, *before him*.' So, in the next page, 'it is,' we are told, 'the assumption of a right to insult others that *carries* an imposing air of superiority *with it*.' Not contented with this clumsy mode of using prepositions, which are necessary, our author is fond of bringing in such as are merely expletive, or totally superfluous. Thus, we have the expressions, 'so far from allowing *of* any measure;' 'tasting *of*,' &c.

Speaking of Spenser, Mr. Hazlitt says, readers are 'afraid of Spenser's allegory, as if it would bite them;' though we are assured, 'it is as plain as a pike-staff.' Satypane 'is lugging the bear's cubs along in his arms.' Society is 'a machine which carries us safely and insipidly from one end of life to the other, in a very comfortable prose style.' Lucio, Pompey, and master Forth, 'are all mighty comfortable in their occupations.' Caliban has a 'strong notion of the fitness of things;' and 'Shakspeare has let him off at last.' Falstaff does 'not come off with flying colours.' We have, also, 'shove off,' 'hit off,' and 'leave off.' Troilus 'knows what Cressida would be at, and sticks to it.' Milton 'gives the devil his due.' There is 'none of this rough work in Pope;' whose 'genius lay clean the contrary way.' Cassius 'is better cut out for a conspirator.' Shakspeare's females 'are the prettiest little set of martyrs and confessors on record.' 'Touchstone and Au-

* Lest our readers should think, that such nonsense as this is not to be found in any printed book, we deem it proper to inform them, that the first sentence is in our author's Lectures, p. 293; and the second in the same volume, p. 254.

drey jog along a level path;' but certain thoughts of Shakspeare 'pitch and jostle each other as in the dark.' 'The public taste hangs like a millstone about the neck of all original genius.' Mr. Wordsworth 'might have said at once, instead of making a parcel of wry faces over the matter.' The 'gods made Burns poetical; but nature had a hand in him first.' 'When your expectations are worked up to the highest pitch, you are sure to have them knocked on the head.' In fine, there would be no end to this list of vulgarisms. We have all such expressions as 'rule the roast,' 'baby-house theatricals,' 'that great baby, the world,' 'thinking aloud,' 'all of a piece,' 'all of a sudden,' 'interesting enough,' 'badly enough off,' 'come up to,' 'time and again,' 'at a hull,' 'up-hill work,' 'over and over,' topsyturvy, 'substantial flesh and blood display,' 'good as his word,' 'do-me-good air,' 'stock-still,' 'lag-end of life,' 'Shakspeare is much of a gentleman,' 'Milton strives hard to say the finest things in the world,' 'sound of wind and limb,' &c. Nearly allied to this vulgarity is Mr. Hazlitt's eternal repetition of common-place quotations. 'Naïveté gusto,' 'mind's-eye,' 'chaos and old night;' the passage about 'fine frenzy,' &c.

Another characteristic of this school, is, to pretend a general acquaintance with every thing,—but to know nothing by detail. To mention particular names, or to make specific references, is beneath the dignity of a brilliant genius. He must speak of men and things as if they had been long familiar to him,—so long, indeed, that he is really incapable of recollecting them with any precision. Thus, 'it cannot be said of Shakspeare as it was said of some one, that he was not o'erflowing full.' Now, Mr. Hazlitt knew perfectly well, that this was first said by Denham; repeated by Pope; and has become of the most common-place quotations in the language. Again, 'Rochefoucault, I think it is, who says so and so; and Mr. Southey, I believe, has somewhere expressed an opinion.' In another place, 'Shakspeare says of some one;' and immediately after, 'some one says' of somebody else.

But an affectation which disgusts us still more is that of an acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences. Lest you should suspect, he had not studied mathematics, Mr. Hazlitt repeats, on every convenient occasion, 'that action and re-action are equal.' For the same reason, he tells us, that 'Chaucer's characters are too much like *identical propositions*.' So he must be an adept in natural philosophy. He first observes, that Pope's chief power consisted in diminishing objects; and then adds, by way of illustration, that his mind was like a microscope. He had probably heard, that an instrument of this name was employed to look at minute objects; and he innocently supposed, that its use was to diminish, and not to magnify. He is a politician too. Pope's 'muse,' he says, 'was on a peace establishment;' and 'his irony and gravity was as nicely balanced as the balance of power in Europe.' Our author is equally proficient in ethics. After quoting a part of Thompson's *Winter*, he adds, 'it is thus that he always gives a

moral sense to nature,' an observation, of which we do not pretend to fathom the depths. To let you know that he has read Blackstone, he gives you the expressions 'malice-prepense,' 'quantum meruit,' 'a mensa et thoro,' 'during the term of their natural lives.' That he is acquainted with French and geography is, at once evident, from his saying, that 'Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage compared with the archbishop, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to serve the possessions of the church at home.' The author unquestionably supposed, that he was here expressing an idea; but we are so very dull as not to comprehend him. He is, too, familiar with astronomy. 'The Indian,' in the Gertrude of Wyoming, 'vanishes and returns, at long intervals, like the periodical revolutions of the planets.' He had heard some such thing of the comets; and he supposed that all the heavenly bodies 'vanish and return, at long intervals.'

We have reserved his theological allusions to the last, because we wished to set a particular mark of reprobation upon that levity of disposition, which thinks itself intitled to play with the language of Scripture. 'Sir John Falstaff,' says our author, 'carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye;' and in him, 'we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humour bodily.' Mr. Hazlitt says, indeed, 'not to speak it profanely;' but this is to take the name of God in vain, 'not to be blasphemous.' Mr. Wordsworth had placed Chatterton by the side of Burns. Mr. Hazlitt says, 'I am loth to put asunder whom so great an authority has joined together; but,' &c. Again, 'from the Lyrical Ballads,' we are told, 'it does not appear that men eat, or drink, marry, or are given in marriage. If we lived by every sentiment that proceeded out of mouths, and not by bread and wine, &c. Mr. Wordsworth's poetry would be just as good as ever.' This sentence has the double recommendation of nonsense and profanity. 'Shall we shut up our books,' asks the author, in another place, 'and seal up our senses, to please the dull spite, and inordinate vanity of those "who have eyes, but they see not—ears, but they hear not—and understandings, but they understand not,"—and go about asking our blind guides, whether Pope was a poet or not? It will never do.' Shakspeare, we are told, 'did not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.' Ossian 'was without God in the world.' Mr. Hazlitt talks of 'an original sin' in the plot of a drama; and says the leviathan 'took up the sea in its nostrils as a very little thing.'

There is no end to the absurdities and the inconsistencies into which a writer may be betrayed, by abandoning himself to the capricious impulses of his imagination. He is 'every thing by turns, and nothing long.' He adopts the first doctrine he encounters,—the more paradoxical the better; pursues it, for a few sentences, with ardour; leaves it suddenly for another; follows up that with the same spirit; and, perhaps, in less than two pages, will start the very opposites of both, and discuss them with an equal appearance of

zeal. So with Mr. Hazlitt. In one place, for instance, he runs a parallel between Chaucer and Shakspeare. 'We see Chaucer's characters,' says he, 'as they saw themselves, not as they appeared to others, or might have appeared to the poet. He is as deeply implicated in his personages as they could be themselves. He had to go a long journey with each of them, and became a kind of necessary confidant.' Shakspeare, we are taught, was the reverse of all this. 'He never committed himself to his characters. He trifled, laughed, or wept with them as he chose. He has no prejudices for or against them; and it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether he shall be in jest or earnest.'* Here Mr. Hazlitt foregoes the truth for the sake of a contrast. A more inept remark upon Shakspeare could not have been made; and, a few pages farther on, he has himself taken care to contradict it. 'Instead of being an indifferent spectator, who points at his characters, and bids you laugh or weep, Shakspeare now enters into their very being, prompts all their speeches, and actuates all their movements. The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakspeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once *becomes* them, and speaks and acts for them.'†

In one place Mr. Hazlitt takes much pains to show us, that painting and poetry are not at all alike; yet if there be any one thing, in which he has been consistent, it is in the uniformity with which he draws his illustrations of the latter from the analogies of the former. 'When artists and connoisseurs,' says he, '*talk on stilts* about the poetry of painting, they show that they know little about poetry, and have little love for the art. Painting gives the object itself; poetry what it implies. Painting embodies what a thing contains in itself: poetry suggests what exists out of it, in any manner connected with it.‡ This is one of those pert and hasty observations, which Mr. Hazlitt makes as he skims along, and never stops to examine. He was, indeed, sure to say the reverse in the very next page. 'Raphæl's cartoons,' he tells us, 'are certainly the finest comments that ever were made on the Scriptures. Would their effect be the same if we were not acquainted with the text?' Yet a picture never 'implies,' or 'suggests,' any thing!

Mr. Hazlitt begins at a long distance to prepare for an attack upon lord Byron. He first defines what he takes genius to be; then proceeds to give a solemn dissertation upon fame; and, after a page or two of the usual common-places upon the evanescence of present popularity, he opens his hostility with such oblique observations as, 'that he who thinks much of himself, will be in danger of being forgotten by the world;' that 'the love of nature is the first thing in the mind of the true poet,—the admiration of himself the last;' and that 'he, who is conscious of great powers in himself, appeals also to a test and judge of merit, which is the highest, but which is too remote, grave, and impartial, to flatter his self-love extravagantly, or puff him up with intolerable and vain

* Characters, p. 108.

† Characters, p. 96.

‡ Lectures, p. 20.

conceit.* Then we are asked, 'was Raphaël, think you, when he painted the pictures of the Virgin and Child in all their inconceivable truth of beauty and expression, thinking most of his subject or of himself? Do you suppose that Titian, when he painted a landscape, was pluming himself on being the finest colourist in the world, or making himself so by looking at nature? Do you imagine Shakspeare, when he wrote *Lear* or *Othello*, was thinking of any thing but *Lear* and *Othello*?' It would be ridiculous to reason gravely against such absurd notions as Mr. Hazlitt has promulgated in the Lecture from which we have copied these sentences. Every body knows, that the deepest interest that was ever given to poetry or prose, has been drawn from the author's own intense reflecting upon himself; and, after all Mr. Hazlitt's flourishes about the danger of looking too often into our own minds, he has, as usual, taken up the very opposite doctrine, and answered all his socratic questions in the negative. Even in the sentence which immediately precedes this triumphant appeal, he tells us, that 'truth and *nature* must first be inly felt and copied with severe delight, from the love of truth and *nature* (again), before it can ever appear in an author's works.' It has been remarked, that lord Byron's character seems to be a verification of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*; and, whether the remark be just or not, the reasons which Mr. Hazlitt gives, for the interest we take in the latter, are equally applicable to the former, and flatly contradictory of what he says about thinking of one's self. *Hamlet*, he tells us, 'is one of Shakspeare's plays which we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of *Hamlet* are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer; and, what makes him worth attending to, is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and experience.'† Mr. Hazlitt could not adopt more appropriate language to characterize the peculiar attraction of lord Byron's poetry.

These may serve as specimens of the contradictions, into which the 'heedless magnanimity' of Mr. Hazlitt's 'wit' is constantly leading him. It is the same hurried and superficial investigation, which makes him 'utter an infinite deal of nonsense,' in the course of a few hundred pages. In opposition to the general voice of the world, he must maintain, that *Iago* is, in all respects, a perfectly natural character; that he had an abundant motive for the hellish malignity with which he plotted the destruction of a happy family; and that he belongs to a class of persons who are 'amateurs of tragedy in real life; and instead of employing their invention on imaginary characters, or long forgotten incidents, take the bolder and more desperate course of getting up a plot at home, cast the principal parts among their nearest friends and connexions,

* Lecture viii.

† Characters, p. 105.

and rehearse it in downright earnest, with steady nerves and unabated resolution.* It is a libel upon humanity to tell us, that such a character is natural. No man was ever moved to do mischief, through a pure love of ruin, without the expectation of some profit to himself; and Iago, as Mr. Hazlitt rightly observes, 'is quite or nearly as indifferent to his own fate as to that of others. He runs all risks for a trifling and doubtful advantage; and is himself the dupe and victim of his ruling passion.' Where are the men, who, without any provocation of injury, or hope of benefit, are willing to sacrifice their own lives to 'a favourite propensity' of seeing 'tragedy in real life?'

There is one subject which seems to have given our author considerable alarm; and to which, therefore, he recurs, in different parts of his writings, with a singular consistency of opinion. He has adopted an idea, that the progress of knowledge is fast narrowing the boundaries of poetry; and that, after the lapse of a few centuries, this department of intellectual pleasure must entirely disappear. 'It cannot be concealed,' he says, 'that the progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to circumscribe the imagination, and to clip the wings of poetry. It is the undefined and uncommon that gives birth and scope to the imagination. We can only fancy what we do not know. There can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time, the heavens have gone farther off, and grown astronomical. They have become averse to the imagination, nor will they return to us in the squares of the distances, or in Dr. Chalmer's Discoveries.† Again, in another place, 'the progress of manners and knowledge,' we are told, 'has an influence on the stage, and will, in time, perhaps, destroy both tragedy and comedy. Filch's picking pockets in the *Beggar's Opera*, is not so good a jest as it used to be: by the force of the police and of philosophy, Lillo's murders, and the ghosts of Shakspeare, will become obsolete. At last, there will be nothing left, good or bad, to be desired or dreaded, on the theatre or in real life.‡ It is really a pity, that picking pockets should no longer be a good joke, and that murder and witchcraft have become obsolete.

It is our firm opinion, however, notwithstanding Mr. Hazlitt's despair, that this wicked philosophy, though it removes the errors of real life, will have little influence upon the world of imagination; that the heavens by 'going farther off,' have not become a whit the less poetical; and that we shall have as many more Jacob's ladders as we have Jacobs. What effect will the 'squares of the distances' have upon our imagination? Does Mr. Hazlitt suppose, that we shall, in future, dream according to the laws of gravitation, or set our fancies by the rules, which teach us how to find the time of day, or the sun's place in the heavens? Have we the less admiration of Homer, or of any of the ancient poets, because the progress of knowledge has dissipated the scientific er-

* Characters, p. 55, 56.

† Lect. p. 18, 19.

‡ Characters, p. 30.

rors of his age? Have we become insensible to the beauty of his mythology, because we enjoy a more rational system of religion? Or does his mode of fighting seem to us the less heroic, because we have a different set of military tactics? The progress of knowledge does not clip the wings of poetry. It only changes the direction of its flight. Philosophy may deprive it of an old province; but she remunerates it with new fields of imagination.

But we are wasting both time and space. If we were to refute one half of the nonsense, which is to be found in these volumes, we should ourselves commence the trade of making octavos. Mr. Hazlitt is one of those talkers, of whom it has been quaintly said, that their tongues appear to be hung in the middle, and to vibrate at both ends.

In the foregoing strictures, we have purposely abstained from taking instances out of the first book on our list. It is a compilation of paragraphs from the newspapers; and, though by reprinting them in the shape of a book, Mr. Hazlitt has challenged the animadversion of criticism, we do not think it fair, or even expedient to pass sentence in detail on a writer for a series of rude sketches which were composed in a moment, and intended only for a momentary purpose. We object to the book in the gross. Mr. Hazlitt's theatrical criticisms would do well enough for the columns of a daily newspaper; but they make a sorry appearance in the pages of a book. Nobody will dispute what he says in the preface, that 'we think ourselves fortunate, when we can meet with any person who remembers the principal performers of the last age, and who can give us some distant idea of Garrick's *nature*, or of an Abington's grace.' But does he, therefore, think himself entitled to swell out his book to 460 pages, with an account of all the present performers on the English stage, from the highest to the lowest! Posterity, if it sees this book, will not have much confidence in a critic, who tells us, that 'he was directed' to 'give a favourable account' of certain performers: that 'authors must live as well as actors;' and that 'he damns by virtue of his office.' We shall afford room for one specimen of his manner; and we are chiefly induced to do so, because, as our readers have witnessed the performances of the actor, they will be better enabled to estimate the justness of the criticism. We suspect that, in this instance, Mr. Hazlitt had been 'directed' to give an *unfavourable* character:—

'Of Mr. Phillips we would not wish to speak; but as he puts himself forward, and is put forward by others, we must say something. He is said to be an imitator of Mr. Braham; if so, the imitation is a vile one. This gentleman has one qualification, which has been said to be the great secret of pleasing others, that he is evidently pleased with himself. But he does not produce a corresponding effect upon us: we have not one particle of sympathy with his wonderful self-complacency. We should wish never to hear him sing again: or, if he must sing, at least, we should hope never to see him act: let him not top his part—why should he sigh, and ogle, and languish, and display all his accomplishments—he should spare the side-boxes.' *Views*, p. 106.

Our author's *Characters* are little more than a distillation of the crude materials contained in his *Views*. It is a book which any practised writer, with a moderate share of understanding, and a still less portion of industry, might easily compose. Shakspeare's plays are a mine upon the surface of the earth. It requires little digging to obtain their treasures. A deep and severe analysis of Shakspeare's poetry is a work of a very different kind;—a work, which our author is either too indolent to undertake, or, what we rather suspect, too feeble to accomplish. The only praise, to which the present volume can entitle him, is that of having translated the poetry of Shakspeare into a lively prose style, and of having thrown out, more by accident than design, an occasional happy thought of his own. He describes such a character as his master had described before him; and, after quoting a passage or two, by way of illustration, concludes that he has given us an analysis of the play. He seems to know nothing of criticism beyond this. The many operations, which are the legitimate business of philosophical criticism, are too laborious for a tribe of writers, who think themselves able to penetrate a subject at a glance, and to give its analysis in a flourish of the pen.

In general, Mr. Hazlitt seems to have formed a right conception of Shakspeare's characters; and, as an example of his best manner, we extract the opening paragraph of the article upon *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'ROMEO and JULIET is the only tragedy which Shakspeare has written entirely on a love story. It is supposed to have been his first play, and it deserves to stand in that proud rank. There is the buoyant spirit of youth in every line, in the rapturous intoxication of hope, and in the bitterness of despair. It has been said* of Romeo and Juliet by a great critic, "that whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is to be found in this poem." The description is true; and yet it does not answer to our idea of the play. For, if it has the sweetness of the rose, it has its freshness too; if it has the languor of the nightingale's song, it has also its giddy transport; if it has the softness of a southern spring, it is as glowing and as bright. There is nothing of a sickly and sentimental cast. Romeo and Juliet are in love, but they are not love sick. Every thing speaks the very soul of pleasure, the high and healthy pulse of the passions: the heart beats, the blood circulates and mantles throughout. Their courtship is not an insipid interchange of sentiments, lip-deep, learned at second-hand from poems and plays,—made up of beauties of the most shadowy kind, of "fancies wan that hang the pensive head, of evanescent smiles and sighs that breathe not, of delicacy that shrinks from the touch, and feebleness that scarce supports itself, an elaborate vacuity of thought, and an artificial dearth of

* So, again, the next paragraph begins with, 'we have heard it objected;' and Mr. Hazlitt is often found, in this manner, conjuring up objections, that he may have an opportunity to refute them. He must have learned this device from Mr. Thomas Thumb, who tells us, that, 'first of all, he makes a giant—and then he kills him.'

sense, spirit, truth, and *nature!*” It is the reverse of all this. It is Shakspeare *all over*, and Shakspeare when he was young.’ pp. 141, 142.

It would be difficult to extract much meaning from some parts of this passage: and yet we can assure our readers, that it is one of the clearest in the whole volume.

Our author, it appears to us, has committed an error in the character of Falstaff, which is absolutely inexcusable. It is his idea, that sir John only acts a part; and that all his gasconade, and lying, and devices, are merely characters assumed to amuse his companions and himself. ‘Such,’ we are told, ‘is the deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain, whether the account of his hostess’ bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one half-penny worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c. and yet we are not offended but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of blaming an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life.’ We are persuaded, that we should at once lose all the pleasure we must derive from this masterly fiction, if Mr. Hazlitt could make us believe, that Falstaff’s affectation of repentance is merely to show Hal his insincerity; that he ‘ran and roared’ at Gadsill for the sake of being ridiculed; that he hacked his sword and tickled his nose, for no other reason than to be detected in the trick; and that when he made eleven men in buckram out of three, he was only devising a scheme to be caught in a lie. This mistake, with other similar ones of our author, have arisen partly from carelessness, and partly from that foolish affectation of independence, which leads such men to contradict an opinion, merely because it is generally received. The same affectation is shown in many other places; and it is this, together with Mr. Hazlitt’s extravagant idolatry of Shakspeare, that chiefly offend us in the perusal of his Characters.

The first *Lecture*, in Mr. Hazlitt’s third work, is upon Poetry in general. When we saw this subject announced, in the table of contents, we turned to the article with some hopes of finding an analysis of what is included in the comprehensive term—poetry. We found almost as many definitions of poetry as there are sentences in the Lecture; and, after all these thirty-eight pages, we cannot say, that we have obtained one new idea on the subject. How, indeed, are we to be improved in our notion of poetry by such senseless observations as this:—that poetry ‘comes home to the business and bosoms of men; for nothing but what so comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape, can be a subject for poetry.’ Or what possible meaning could Mr. Hazlitt have in view by such a paragraph as the following?

‘One mode in which the dramatic exhibition of passion excites our sympathy without raising our disgust is, that in proportion as it sharpens the edge of calamity and disappointment, it strengthens the desire of good. It enhances our consciousness of the blessing, by making us sensible of the magnitude of the loss. The storm of passion lays bare and shows us the rich depths of the human soul: the whole of our existence, the sum total of our passions and pursuits, of that which we desire and that which we dread, is brought before us by contrast; the action and reaction are equal; the keenness of immediate suffering only gives us a more intense aspiration after, and a more intimate participation with the antagonist world of good, makes us drink deeper of the cup of human life; tugs at the heart strings; loosens the pressure about them; and calls the springs of thought and feeling into play with tenfold force.’ *Lectures*, p. 11, 12.

We could fill many pages with such jargon as this. Mr. Hazlitt thinks it has meaning; and he even tells us in the preface to his *Characters*, that one mode in which he expects to ‘improve on’ Schlegel, is, ‘by avoiding an appearance of mysticism in his style, not very attractive to an English reader.’

One would think that Mr. Hazlitt has a great antipathy to giving reasons; for though he is under no sort of compulsion, and though they may be as plenty as blackberries, no man must expect to find them in the pages of these *Lectures*. Mr. Leigh Hunt, who also belongs to this School, has said, in his *Foliage*, that ‘we admire the happiness, and sometimes the better wisdom of children; and yet we imitate the worst of their nonsense—“I can’t, because I can’t.”’ In the midst of what he thinks to be an analytical paragraph, Mr. Hazlitt says, ‘we are as prone to make a torment of our fears, as to luxuriate in our hopes of good. If it be asked, why we do so? the best answer will be, because (he had better have stopped here) because we cannot help it.’

But our author’s principal mode of analysis, is that of turning into a prose sentence some partial account of the subject, upon which he is discoursing. If, for instance, he would tell us what poetry is, he begins by saying that the eye of the poet, rolling in a fine phrenzy, glances from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven; and, as the imagination presents the forms of unknown things, his pen turns them to shape, and gives them a name. Now, add the passage itself, and the analysis is complete. ‘Again,’ (for Mr. Hazlitt pretends to be very methodical),

‘Again, as it relates to passion, painting gives the event, poetry the progress of events: but it is during the progress, in the interval of expectation and suspense, while our hopes and fears are strained to the highest pitch of breathless agony, that the pinch of the interest lies.

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The mortal instruments are then in council;
And the state of man suffers an insurrection.”

Lectures, p. 20, 21.

There is one observation, respecting our author's style, which we have reserved for this place, because it occurred to us the most frequently in the perusal of his Lectures. He is too ambitious to display his acquaintance with other writers; and for several pages together, his sentences are a mere series of the most lofty poetical expressions, linked together by the lowest phrases in prose. Not only does he expose his own poverty, by borrowing so frequently; it is this species of glancing from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, that renders him so often incomprehensible. To give our readers at once an idea of this peculiarity, we shall extract a passage from the last Lecture, in which it is most amply displayed:—

‘Poetry had with them “neither buttress nor coigne of vantage to make its pendant bed and procreant cradle.” It was not “born so high: its airy buildeth in the cedar’s top, and dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.” It grew like a mushroom out of the ground, or was hidden in it like a truffle, which it required a particular sagacity and industry to find out and dig up. They founded the new school on a principle of sheer humanity, on pure nature void of art. It could not be said of these sweeping reformers and dictators in the republic of letters, that “in their train walked crowns and crownets; that realms and islands, like plates, dropt from their pockets:” but they were surrounded, in company with the Muses, by a mixed rabble of idle apprentices and Botany Bay convicts, female vagrants, gipsies, meek daughters in the family of Christ, idiot boys, and mad mothers, and after them “owls and night-ravens flew.” They scorned “degrees, priority, and place, insitute, course, proportion, season, form, office, and custom in all line of order:”—the distinctions of birth, the vicissitudes of fortune, did not enter into their abstracted, lofty, and levelling calculation of human nature. He who was more than man, with them was none. They claimed kindred only with the commonest of the people: peasants, pedlars, and village-barbers, were their oracles and bosom friends. Their poetry, in the extreme to which it professedly tended, and was in effect carried, levels all distinctions of nature and society; has “no figures nor no fantasies,” which the prejudices of superstition or the customs of the world draw in the brains of men; “no trivial fond records” of all that has existed in the history of past ages; it has no adventitious pride, pomp, or circumstance, to set it off; “the marshal’s truncheon, nor the judge’s robe;” neither tradition, reverence, nor ceremony, “that to great ones ’longs:” it breaks in pieces the golden images of poetry, and defaces its armorial bearings, to melt them down in the mould of common humanity or of its own upstart self-sufficiency. They took the same method in their new-fangled “metre ballad-mongering” scheme, which Rousseau did in his prose paradoxes.” *Lectures*, p. 320, 322.

After all these strictures, we are by no means insensible to the merit of some of this author's criticism. He is a tasteful admirer of poetry, if he has little power to investigate its qualities. He can describe, though he may not analyse:—he can give you a character in the gross, if he has no skill in examining its parts. He could make a good volume of elegant extracts; and we should be willing, on all occasions, to take him as our guide in a course of poetical reading. The passages, in the Lectures, which have struck

us as the most excellent, are his comparison between the sciences and the fine arts, p. 86—his parallel between Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—and his characters of Butler, Thompson, and Crabbe. We shall extract what he says of the latter:—

‘Crabbe is, if not the most natural, the most literal of our descriptive poets. He exhibits the smallest circumstances of the smallest things. He gives the very costume of meanness; the non-essentials of every trifling incident. He is his own landscape painter and engraver too. His pastoral scenes seem pricked on paper in little dotted lines. He describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to distrain for rent. He has an eye to the number of arms in an old worm-eaten chair, and takes care to inform himself and the reader whether a joint-stool stands upon three legs or upon four. If a settle by the fireside stands awry, it gives him as much disturbance as a tottering world; and he records the rent in a ragged counterpane as an event in history. He is equally curious in his back-grounds and in his figures. You know the christian and surnames of every one of his heroes,—the dates of their achievements, whether on a Sunday or a Monday,—their places of birth and burial, the colour of their clothes, and of their hair, and whether they squinted or not. He takes an inventory of the human heart exactly in the same manner as of the furniture of a sick room: his sentiments have very much the air of fixtures; he gives you the petrification of a sigh, and carves a tear, to the life, in stone. Almost all his characters are tired of their lives, and you heartily wish them dead. They remind one of anatomical preservations; or may be said to bear the same relation to actual life that a stuffed cat in a glass-case does to the real one purring on the hearth: the skin is the same, but the life and the sense of heat is gone. Crabbe’s poetry is like a museum, or curiosity-shop: every thing has the same posthumous appearance, the same inanimateness and identity of character.’

We should not think it necessary to remark the hostility of these writers to Dr. Johnson, if the uniformity with which his name is persecuted, did not form a characteristic of the School. We are not so imprudent as to undertake a defence of this great critic; but it may be worth while to show, how little these writers are entitled to abuse him. Mr. Hazlitt knew, that Johnson bestowed considerable labour upon composition, and that, while he admired the beauties of Shakspeare, he was not so much dazzled as to be incapable of perceiving his faults. These two characteristics were sufficient to provoke Mr. Hazlitt’s reprobation; and he has bestowed it, on every convenient occasion, with a disregard of modesty, which is only equalled by his ignorance of the truth. Thus he says, that Dr. Johnson admitted Milton among the poets ‘with a reluctant and churlish welcome.’ Now, in the first place, it is well known, that Johnson had nothing to do with the selection of the authors, contained in the edition, for which he wrote his Lives; and, in the next place, he concludes the biography of Milton with the noble remark, that *Paradise Lost* ‘is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.’ Again, speaking of Johnson and Pope’s preference of rhyme, our author tells us, they ‘would have converted Milton’s vaulting Pegasus

into a rocking-horse.' Can Mr. Hazlitt be ignorant, that Johnson wrote a treatise upon the harmony of Milton's versification; and that he says, in his Life, 'I cannot prevail on myself to wish Milton had been a rhymers?' In another place, we are told, that Dr. Johnson never 'got at a conclusion by a short cut;' when our readers all know, that if there be any one quality peculiar to his writings, it is the brevity and dogmatism of his logic. Dr. Johnson had observed, by way of giving distinguished praise to Shakspeare, that, while, 'in other writers, a character is commonly an individual, in Shakspeare, it is always a species.' This is, in fact, the secret of Shakspeare's celebrity. All mankind can sympathise with his characters; for they are such as all mankind have witnessed in real life. Ben Jonson is little read; and the reason is, that his characters are exact copies of certain eccentric individuals, which may have existed once, but will never exist again. They create no sympathy in the reader. Yet, with these obvious considerations before him, Mr. Hazlitt strenuously contends, that Shakspeare's characters, instead of representing a species, are each a solitary individual. Dr. Johnson says, that according to the strict meaning of the term, Shakspeare knew nothing of what is called the catastrophe of a play. Mr. Hazlitt denies the assertion; and, after mentioning four or five, out of all his works, in which the denouement is 'crowded with important events,' he thinks it has been sufficiently disproved. Now, it was the very objection of Dr. Johnson, that instead of being confined to one great event, *simplex et unum*, the catastrophes of Shakspeare were distracted and confused with many different events.

He supposes, that Dr. Johnson had no admiration of Shakspeare; or, rather, he undertakes to prove, from what he is pleased to make the constitution of his mind, that he was not at all fitted to realize the finer beauties of the tragic bard. We are told, that he was 'without any particular fineness of organic sensibility;' and that 'he would be for setting up a foreign jurisdiction over poetry, and making criticism a kind of Procrustes' bed of genius, where he might cut down imagination to matter of fact, regulate the passions according to reason, and translate the whole into logical diagrams and rhetorical declamation.' Mr. Hazlitt had probably heard of geometrical diagrams and logical syllogisms; but, as *diagram* and *syllogism* have some distant resemblance of sound, he has mistaken the former for the latter, and presented us with a curiosity in science—a *logical diagram*! He calls the doctor 'a lazy learned man, who liked to *think* and talk, better than to read or write;' but, as it is our author's vocation to contradict himself, he says, in the next sentence, that 'his long compound Latin phrases required less *thought*, and took up more room than others.'

Mr. Hazlitt is much attached to his geometrical logic. 'He (Shakspeare) would know this (that the love of power is natural to man) as well or better than if it had been demonstrated to him by a *logical diagram*, merely from seeing children paddle in the dirt, or kill flies for sport.' Char. p. 54. The phrase *paddle in the dirt*

is merely introduced for the sake of its vulgarity; for how we show a love of power by paddling in the dirt, it would be difficult to imagine.

If the tenor of our remarks should lead the reader to think, that we look upon Mr. Hazlitt as a contemptible author, we would beg leave, before we conclude, to correct such an opinion. As the representative of a sect, whose tenets are well calculated to make proselytes, and whose members are daily increasing, he is a character that must excite considerable solicitude among the lovers of good composition. His coadjutors are not despicable, because they are few. Zeal, cooperation, and industry, are always an overmatch for numbers; and, though this is a lesson, which the world has been slow to learn, we think the events of our own time have rendered it sufficiently notorious. Mr. Hazlitt belongs to a set of writers, who think, that learning may be acquired without study; and that books may be written without preparation or care.* They have observed, that the compositions, which we most admire, have no appearance of labour; and, supposing that, what seems to be easy, must have been produced without effort, they would teach mankind both by precept and example, that we are born good writers and good reasoners. What can appear more careless than the sentences of Addison? Surely, say these apostles of indolence, there can be no difficulty in doing what seems so devoid of labour, when done; and if men of letters would only be persuaded to write the first thing, which enters their head, in the first words and phrases, which present themselves, we should hear no more about stiff composition and elaborate styles. This is a doctrine, which will find ready listeners in this country; and, if we cannot expect, that our distant efforts will check its progress in England, we may hope that they will help to prevent its diffusion among our own countrymen. It is in vain to tell us, that excellence is not the result of labour; and we will not condescend to reason against an opinion, which all history refutes. We only warn our youth to beware of such guides. They are already so well known among us as to have received a distinctive appellation; and, though Mr. Hazlitt's countrymen have denied us the right of coining words to suit our necessities, he may depend on being called a *slangwhanger*, on this side of the Atlantic.

* It is among the absurdities of their creed, that, while they would be thought to know all the sciences, they cannot bear to pay attention to any. 'In this play (the Taming of the Shrew) there is, says Mr. Hazlitt, a little too much about music-masters and philosophy. They were things of greater rarity in those days than they are now. Nothing, however, 'can be better than the advice which Tranio gives his master for the prosecution of his studies:'—and nothing, let us add, could be better calculated to make him pursue no study at all:—

Tran. The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

When did a man's stomach ever serve him to study mathematics? And what, indeed, would become of all learning, if the pursuits of scholars were regulated by their pleasure?

ART. III.—*A Treatise on the Law of Principal and Agent, and of Sales by Auction.* By Samuel Livermore, Counsellor at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. Baltimore. 1818.

AN elementary treatise, on a very important branch of the legal science, claims our most favourable consideration. To such *digests* we are obliged to have recourse, in the pursuit of that simplified and condensed knowledge of the principles of our municipal law, as they are altered or ascertained by recent adjudications, which it would be a task of almost infinite difficulty to seek through the 'mighty maze' of published and manuscript *reports*, so rapidly multiplied by the labours of our various courts of justice. The particular subject which Mr. Livermore has selected for elucidation, is manifestly of the first importance to the commercial part of the community; and yet it is one which the elementary writers of Great Britain have remarkably neglected; it gives us great pleasure, therefore, to bear our testimony to the ability with which he has supplied the deficiency.

A familiar acquaintance with the relative duties, rights, and remedies, recognized by the laws, and existing between an agent and his principal, among a busy and enterprising people, such as ours, where every merchant is daily acting towards some one or other of his correspondents in one or both of these characters, assuming responsibility as an agent, or as a principal devolving it upon another, is evidently a most desirable object of attainment. To every man engaged in commerce, and disposed to know his rights, and how to secure them—to be aware of his duties, and how he may legally discharge himself of them, we do not hesitate to recommend a perusal and a *purchase* of the work of Mr. Livermore.

In the words of the author, 'merchants, more than any other class of men, are interested in works of this nature; and, perhaps, the questions considered in this treatise are of more frequent occurrence in the course of their business than any others in the law. Scarcely a day passes that a merchant does not contract the obligations of a principal, or of an agent: that he does not acquire a *lien* upon property, or a right to stop goods in *transitu*. With but little labour he may gain a competent knowledge to enable him to act with prudence and circumspection in these transactions. By these means he may avoid litigation and expense; he may know what are his rights, that he may insist upon them before it is too late; and he may learn how to save himself from unnecessary difficulties, disputes, and losses.' Preface, p. 5.

To professional men also this book will be a valuable acquisition: it is well-timed, because Mr. Powell's *Treatise on Powers* being mostly confined to the rules that govern the transfer of real property, under letters of attorney, is of very circumscribed utility; and Mr. Selwyn's short chapter on *Factors*, is extremely meagre and unsatisfactory. And it has all the merit in its execution which can well be attributed to an abridged compilation; the style is pure, plain, and perspicuous, and the arrangement lucid and judicious. In recommending it, however, to the gentlemen of the

bar, particularly to the younger members of that profession, we are restrained by the fear of saying aught that may seem to encourage the too prevalent substitution of treatise and index reading for the old fashioned study of statutes and reports, which we never omit an opportunity to declare, is the best and only course to be pursued by a student who aims at any thing more than superficial knowledge and ephemeral reputation.

But again, we will use the candid language of the author himself. 'Works of this nature, in which the scattered principles of the law relative to the rights and duties of men in particular situations, are collected and arranged, are more peculiarly adapted for general use than for the use of the profession. No man was ever made a lawyer by the study of treatises. They are useful to professional men only as books of reference, to which they may have recourse in the hurry of a trial, or which may serve as a guide to direct them in their researches. But to those persons who are not professional men, but who consider some knowledge of their rights and duties, as regulated by law, in the various situations in which they may stand, to be an essential part of the liberal education of a gentleman, these works are more peculiarly appropriate.' Preface, p. 4.

Mr. Livermore has collected into a small space a vast deal of useful learning; has arranged it so clearly, that no reader can have any difficulty in finding the particular subject of his inquiry; and has abridged it as much as would be consistent with perspicuity. At the same time, while we accord him these praises, as justly due to his exertions, we cannot but acknowledge, that, as Pennsylvanians, we look upon his book with the less complacency, when we observe how much the decisions of *our* courts are overlooked or disregarded. Not that a single position taken by Mr. L. is in opposition to the principles established by our tribunals, but to many of them we should be disposed to give still more unqualified credit and confidence, if even a marginal note condescended to inform us that the highest judicial authority in our state had sanctioned the rule, and placed it above all chance of doubt or change in Pennsylvania.

Thus the important cases of *Summeril vs. Elder*, *Passmore vs. Mott*, *Morgan vs. Stell*, *Meyer vs. Barker*, *French vs. Read*, and *Schwartz vs. the Insurance Company of North America*, all decided in our supreme court, and reported in the different volumes of Mr. Binney's *Reports*, are no where cited, nor noticed; although they settled for us, a variety of important questions, in the doctrines applicable to the relation of principal and agent.

In the second edition, whenever that shall be printed, and we hope there may be found encouragement for it, this fault may easily be corrected, by additional references to all American cases.

ART. IV.—*On the Progress of the Fine Arts in France.* From a Report made to the class of Fine Arts of the Institute. October, 1815.

THE report of *M. Joachim le Breton*, read on the 28th of October, 1815, commences with the following observations, and our readers will agree that they have foundation in truth.

‘However profound, however reasonable may be the lamentations of our artists, and of all those who set a due value on the progress of the fine arts, and on the quiet pleasures they afford, we are of opinion that the views of the future will offer consolation for the losses of the past. These are indeed irreparable; and it would manifest a culpable indifference, if we did not feel, on account of them, a deep and solemn regret.

‘It will belong to history to pronounce on the justice or injustice which has occasioned these losses; and to decide on the circumstances which accompanied them. But we may even now assert, that history will not accuse the French nation, which was enriched by the chef d’ouvres of antient art, of having shown itself unworthy to possess them: our misfortune, on this occasion, has been at least unmerited.’

‘Before victory had acquired and abused the right of the strongest, which she seldom fails to do, France, through her means, had acquired possession of some of the most precious monuments of antient sculpture and modern painting. But she confined her requisitions to stipulated objects; and the groups of Monte Cavallo which were above all price, as well as many other statues and bas-reliefs whose removal was easy, were for this reason not carried away. The sovereigns who had heretofore possessed these monuments of art, were allowed time to take exact models and copies of the originals; an honourable permission, of which the French first set an example. Is it determined by our conquerors, to imitate us in nothing but the worst parts of our conduct? A singular assemblage of men, estimable for their talents and moral feelings, was sent from Paris, not to force away from Rome the monuments of art, ceded to the French, whose right to possess them by the terms of contract and cession was in no respect doubtful, but to superintend their careful removal and transportation: and their success in this duty, is even now matter of astonishment. This constant and anxious superintendence was continued for near a twelvemonth. When the specimens of art arrived, all the societies of learned men, all the public teachers, with their scholars, accompanied the vehicles which contained them: all the artists contributed to decorate their entry; and they were presented to the constituted authorities, and the whole population of the capital assembled in the Champ de Mars to receive and celebrate this novel apotheosis! What more honour could have been paid to art, in the best days of Athens and Pericles? Was not this evidence that the nation which had acquired them, was worthy to receive them?’

‘Nor can it be affirmed that France has failed in magnificence, in providing a temple for their reception—or in generosity, in facilitating the admission of foreigners of all descriptions, friends and enemies, to visit, to study, and admire them. In the august mansion destined for their reception, no national enmities, no national rivalries found entrance. We enjoyed them the more, for the pains taken to enable others to enjoy them. It is impossible to deny, that Paris did not retain these

admirable works as exclusive proprietor, so much as trustee and depositary for the world at large.'

To this introduction, no reader can fairly object; for it is a plain statement of notorious facts.

'The state of Europe for the two last years, (says the Reporter) has been very unfavourable to the arts. Artists have been deterred from visiting and residing at Rome. Still, the scholars sent there, at the national expense, have transmitted specimens of their talent and industry, that deserve the notice of the institute.'

Painting. M. De Breton notices, with approbation, among the paintings transmitted from Italy by the national students,

Deianira carried off by the Centaur, by M. Langlois.

Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos: and,

A Nymph in the train of Diana: by M. Droling.

The Death of Abel: figures as large as life: a study by M. Droling.

A Prometheus, and a Mercury, by M. Leon Palliere.

Anacreon and Cupid, by M. Desforestier.

A Presentation in a Temple: a Psyche: by M. Picot.

Sculpture. The interruptions to navigation have prevented the arrival of the following works of art, of which notices have been transmitted from Rome, by the students in sculpture.

A statue of Narcissus. M. Cortot.

Thetis, a bas-relief. M. David.

Orpheus, natural size. M. Pradier.

A young man, bas-relief, natural size. M. Petitot.

Pandora. M. Cortot.

'The director of the school assures us, that the study of sculpture is by no means behind hand with the other branches of the fine arts, and the students show evident signs of improvement. The class of the institute find reason to agree with this report.'

'At the close of this year (1815) there will be seven marble statues at Rome, the property of government, executed by the students sent there at the national expense. They are all executed after antiques.'

'*Medallic engraving: engraving on precious stones.* The institute has not sufficient reason to praise the works of the young artists in this line: it will be necessary hereafter, to require more of the students. However, we cannot yet pronounce on the works which M. Brandt and M. Desboeufs have announced to us, viz. a Theseus: a Pegasus: a Jupiter and Juno: Hercules and Omphale: an Apollo: a likeness of the director of this school: the Villa Medicis. M. Desboeufs, has as yet only exhibited his young Faun.'

Architecture. It appears, from the system of education adopted in these pensionary schools, that the students are required to give full and finished drawings of antient edifices; completed in the drawing from the actually existing ruins; so as to exhibit the edifice as it was when just finished; and made out on the authority of the ruins remaining. This involves the measurements of all the parts, the filling up of all vacancies, the restoration of mutilated fragments, &c. so as to make the finished drawing harmonize with the existing ruin, and exhibit what is wanting, upon the authority

of what remains. This beautiful, this grand conception, appears to have been pursued with great industry by the young students of the French government (*pensionnaires du roi.*) But the plan itself originated with Bonaparte.

For the year 1815. M. Gauthier has transmitted eleven drawings of the Temple of Mars the Avenger.

M. Suys. Three studies of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and three others of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

M. Caristie. Three studies of the Theatre of Marcellus. The base, and capital of the interior of the Pantheon.

‘But,’ says M. De Breton, ‘so rich are we in the drawings transmitted during former years, which we have not had time to examine until now, that we can hardly find room to give a competent notion of labours so important to the progress of art. I shall, therefore, confine myself at present, to general results; referring for a full impression to the excellent report of M. Duforny made in the name of the class of architecture. This elegant production is a new proof of the devotion of our colleague to the art of which he is a professor, and a new service rendered to architecture itself.’

‘The task prescribed to the students maintained by government at Rome, is, that during three years of their residence in that city, they shall transmit to the institute, proofs of their industry, and proficiency in the arts which they are respectively sent there to study. These first designs, however, remain their own property. But besides these, they are bound to present to the class of the institute, when they quit the school, restorations of the most precious monuments of antient architecture, deduced from the present remains, harmonizing with the present ruins, and founded on their authority. The execution is required to be in their very best manner, for it is the finish of their public education. They are permitted to fix upon whatever monument of antient architectural art they may think proper: this affords us the means of judging, not merely of their proficiency in execution, and their acquired knowledge during their residence abroad, but also of their taste, and judgment. These finished designs, together with the written illustrations transmitted at the same time, belong to government. It is the first homage of gratitude rendered, for benefits received. The collection of these plans, sections, elevations, and illustrations, form a precious collection for the future use of history and of art. Every year sees the increase of this collection; but it has never been so much enriched as by the labours of Messrs. Suys, Chatillon, Provost, Gauthier, Le Clerc, and Huot, during the years 1812 and 1813. Altogether, they make eighty designs, all upon a large scale, comprizing studies finely executed, of the Theatre of Marcellus, Trajan’s Pillar, the Temples of Jupiter tonans, Jupiter stator, and the Temple of Peace. Also, complete restorations of the Pantheon of Agrippa, the Temple of Fortune at Preneste, and even of the most antient Forum, belonging to a city which had its temples and its gods before the building of Rome itself; and whose antiquity went beyond the researches of Cicero, as he acknowledges.’

M. Le Breton, then enlarges upon the particular merits of each of these young artists; noticing, in addition, the designs of the Portico of Octavius, and the Temple of Mars the Avenger: and

stating that for M. Gauthier in particular, the institute had asked of government an allowance for his residence during another year.

‘On going ten years back (says M. Le Breton) and recollecting the restorations transmitted by the pensionary students during that time, it will be seen, that the French school of architecture has received continual improvement. To show this, we may refer to the ruins of Pæstum, by M. Lagardette: a collection of ancient city and country houses, by M. Dubut: Tuscan architecture, by Messrs. Grandjeau and Tamin: a collection of the most beautiful tombs of Italy, by M. Grandjeau: the ruins of Pompeii, by M. Mazois: and the works complete of Pignole, by M. Le Bas.’

‘One of the most efficacious means of nourishing this thriving institution, will be to publish, by engravings, the works of which we have just given an account. This was the wise intention of the class of fine arts when they imposed it as a duty on the architectural students, to do homage to the government that supported them, by each one furnishing a complete restoration of some imperfect ancient building. The time is now arrived, when this idea of the class of fine arts can be put in practice; for our collections in this way are considerable, and are annually increasing. We already possess *restorations complete* of the Temple of Modesty, by M. Dubut: the Temple of Vesta at Rome, by M. Coussin: the Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, by M. Grandjeau: the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, by M. Menager: the Arch of Titus, by M. Guennepin: the Pantheon, by M. Le Clerc: the Temple of Fortune at Preneste, by M. Hugot: the Portico of Octavius, by M. Chatillon: and the Temple of Mars ultor, by M. Gauthier.’

‘If they be not published, these treasures of art will be buried in our archives, without being in any degree useful, when they are so capable of aiding the progress of art. The originals cannot be lent out: an accident may destroy them. Unknown to the public at large—cumbrous from their size—useless for instruction—hazardous from their materials—thus to keep them, would be evidence that we do not deserve to possess them. Moreover, the artists by whom they are executed, are all in the vigour of their age: they would correct them, and superintend the engravings. Of this opinion is the class of fine arts belonging to the institute. And they resolve that honourable mention be made of the works of the students at Rome, Messrs. Chatillon, Provost, Suys, Gauthier, Le Clerc, and Hugot: and that this resolve be transmitted to the minister to whose department these pensionary schools belong.’

Musical Composition. This section of the report contains notices of the productions upon the theatre at Naples, and musical publications of M. Ferdinand Herold, M. Chelard, M. Panseron, and M. Roll. Hence it appears, that the French encourage the cultivation of Italian music, and the Italian style of composition; which, to say the truth, like the Italian school of painting, in grandeur, simplicity, and effect, leaves every other style of composition at an immeasurable distance. Compared to this, the silly sing-song of the English ballad, the noisy rumbling of the German concert, and the concetti of the French composers, sink into insignificance. A few of the Scotch and Irish airs—some pieces of Haydn, Pleyel, and Mozart, will bear to be heard; but there is no music, comparatively, but

the Italian: a truth, which those who know most of the subject, are most deeply impressed with.

‘*Miscellaneous Labours.* Notice of the paintings, by means of wax, of M. Castellan, and M. Taunay, submitted to Messrs. Visconti, Quatremere, and Chaptal, who consider it as an improvement on the ancient encaustic painting described by Pliny. M. Castellan has taught several other artists the process. M. Visconti has presented a memoir on the Elgin marbles. He speaks of them in the same terms of panegyric as the artists of London.

‘Notice of M. Verdier’s presents from Lisbon, and his strong approbation of the architectural works of Vitruvius.

‘M. Du Pin has described the monuments of M. Puget, existing in the arsenal at Toulon.’

‘*Music.* M. Perne has been occupied in solving the long-studied problem, what was precisely the music of the Greeks, and what was their system of notation? The profound and important investigations of M. Perne on this subject, were submitted to the section of music among the members of the institute, to whom were joined, for the express purpose of this investigation, Messrs. Prony, Charles, and Ginguéné.

‘The learned efforts of Meibonius, Barette, J. J. Rousseau, and La Borde, have done no more than to reduce the question to this termination, namely, that the Greek music is enveloped in a frightful multitude of almost unintelligible signs: insomuch, that the endeavour to introduce order out of this confusion, has been abandoned by those who engaged in the attempt. Yet it seems strange that the nation of all others which has been distinguished by the most charming simplicity in all their works of art, should embroil the most popular of their arts in such a manner, that it should be hardly possible to retain in the memory the signs necessary to be used in exercising it.’

‘But to resolve this question completely, it became necessary that some skilful, practical, learned, and laborious musician, should engage in this difficult investigation: and beginning afresh with the ancient authors, should examine the original text, and see what was really contained in that text, and how much of the confusion we owe to the glosses and commentaries upon it; and examine for himself, whether the signs or notes of the Greek music, taken from the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, really furnished by means of numerous modifications of those letters, one hundred and twenty-five different characters, and whether those one hundred and twenty-five characters, again diversified, according as they were employed for vocal or instrumental music—or entering into the fifteen different kinds of music, &c. should produce, as has been stated, one thousand six hundred and twenty notes, or signs of notation?’

‘M. Perne has had the courage to attempt this arduous undertaking. He has commenced, pursued, and terminated his labours upon the text of original authors, until he has brought out results and conclusions that have satisfied the class to whom they have been submitted.’

‘The admirers of the labours of antiquity—the connoisseurs in the most seducing and impressive of all the arts, may now rest assured, that the Greek music does not present to us that discouraging assemblage of signs, diversified by marks and accidents almost imperceptible to the eye: no: the Greeks have not abandoned, with respect to music

alone, that sublime simplicity which characterizes their taste so decidedly, in every other of the fine arts.'

'Instead of multiplying, as if at pleasure, the hundred and twenty-five signs, the first product of the different modifications of the letters established by musical interpretation, M. Perne has reduced them to ninety characters. Of these, one half are assigned to vocal, the other half to instrumental music. But this is not all: he has demonstrated that according to the general practice in use among the ancient musicians, forty-four characters might suffice; and answer all the purposes of the ninety; being employed in pairs, which might be used as a single note: and when these forty-four characters were employed, and considered separately, the number of effective notes would not exceed twenty-two.'

'Six tables, drawn up with a degree of intelligence very uncommon, and very neatly executed, illustrate completely to the eye, all the laborious propositions and demonstrations employed in this important memoir by M. Perne.'

'We omit for the present, the application of the author's principles to the different modes of Greek music, being desirous of hastening to the last conclusions which establish the reality of M. Perne's discovery of Greek musical notation, divested of the difficulties and complication with which it has hitherto been considered as enveloped: conclusions, by which he has established the analogy between the ancient and modern systems of notation; and furnished the means of translating, with great facility, the ancient notation and its alphabetic character, into the notes of modern music: a discovery, unexpected indeed, but perfectly made out by means of the tables of M. Perne already mentioned.'

'Lastly, the commission appointed to examine the labours of M. Perne, and the class of the institute to whom is consigned the subject of music, are of opinion, that this gentleman, by the extent and variety of his musical knowledge and attainment—by the resources of his age—his incessant and courageous application—is destined to disperse the clouds which have hitherto obscured the true knowledge of the music, and musical notation of the ancient Greeks; and that he deserves to be encouraged in the pursuit of this beautiful, but laborious enterprise.'

The remainder of the report does not contain sufficient matter of interest to induce us to extend this account of it. T. C.

ART. V.—*Demetrius. The Hero of the Don.* An epic poem. By Alexis Eustaphieve. Boston. 1818.

FONTENELLE being once asked what was the most worthless of creatures, answered—a bad poet. The celebrated academician meant, no doubt, a poet by profession; and the author of *Demetrius* not being, if we are rightly informed, of this description, escapes so heavy a judgment. We collect from an account of his work given in a magazine of New York, that he is the consul of his imperial majesty of all the Russias, for the state of Massachusetts; and had before attempted our language in sundry prose-tracts, tending to the instruction of princes and reformation of states—Mr. Eustaphieve may be a worthy man and a good consul, and a passable prose writer; but he is certainly a very bad poet; and it is an aggravation of his guilt in this respect, that he

has not—as we are entitled to infer from his station—the vocation of poverty to poetize. He prints in a foreign tongue thousands of lines miscalled verses, out of the mere wantonness of a devious ambition, and thus officiously provokes the jealousy of professional scribblers and the ire of surly critics.

If ‘Demetrius’ was really designed for the American public, it presents the most extravagant case of literary presumption with which we are acquainted. We could allow a foreigner, not trained from infancy to our language, to make trial of our indulgence and his own skill, with a sonnet, or a madrigal, or a familiar epistle in verse: so much would not be understood to demand great powers of mind, or mastery of expression; it would be a moderate and harmless exercise for him, and might not be insupportably oppressive for his American friends. But to assail us with an *epopee*, and that of considerable volume, of which the subject, too, is wholly alien—of the least possible interest, to us, is an unconscionable and unpardonable outrage upon our good nature and vernacular sensibilities.

For the sake of illustrating the incivility of the procedure, and preparing those who may have courage to look into ‘Demetrius,’ to judge of the extent of the author’s boldness and failure, we shall transcribe, at the threshold, what Dryden and Johnson say of the qualifications of the true epic poet. ‘He,’ remarks Dryden, ‘is the only man proper for an epic poem who to his natural endowments of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a strong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences, and particularly moral philosophy, the mathematics, geography, and history; and, with all these qualifications, is born a poet; *knows and can practice the variety of numbers, and is master of the language in which he writes.*’ ‘By the general consent of critics,’ says Johnson, ‘the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truth by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to a poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. *Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.*’

If we could now suppose Mr. Eustaphie to have been altogether ignorant of the necessity of these accomplishments, we would the

more easily forgive him for the offence of which we have complained. We had, indeed, framed this excuse for him in our own minds, and were influenced by it, until, after turning over the leaves of his poem, we reached the end, and found there what he styles 'the author's Apology'—a grotesque sort of postliminious preface. In this 'Apology,'—which, by the by, is far from being apologetical in its spirit,—he tells us, that 'an epic poem is no ordinary undertaking;' and that he contemplates, in connexion with his Demetrid, 'a critical essay upon the *epopee*.' Hence it is to be inferred that he had examined what the multitude of acute and erudite critics, ancient and modern, have written on the same subject, and conceived himself to be gifted and instructed, nearly, at least, in the extent and plenitude upon which they all agree as indispensable for success. We know of but one salvo for his modesty—the supposition that he has a new theory to propound, showing, among other new things, that their estimate is altogether gratuitous; and, in truth, unless he have made some very remarkable discoveries, we would beg leave to protest solemnly against his imposing upon this public an essay about matters which have been treated as often, and with as much labour, learning, and ingenuity, as any other topics of literature whatever. We have reason to be alarmed, not only by the triteness of the subjects, but by the complexion of his 'Apology,' as a specimen of his capacity for composition in English prose. A single phrase will testify how much this gentleman has yet to learn on the score of sense, idiom, and grammar. 'Neither can the part thus presented, be it done so well as to excite interest and sympathy, or so ill as to provoke the opposite feelings, become the means of prejudicing the whole: it being evident, that, in the former case, the general desire to obtain the remainder would rather increase than diminish; and in the latter the prospect could not be worse, while the benefit of the experiment would still be felt, so far at least as to prevent much useless waste of health and time, and much additional mortification.'

The most disconsolate augury, however, arises from the design of the poem itself, and from its execution, as far as this is shown in the Introduction now published. We say *introduction*, though speaking of a volume containing more than six thousand measured lines; for such does the author, in his 'Apology,' request it may be viewed. He has only 'imparted sufficient impulse to the subject' 'yet to be developed in its full extent and preconceived magnitude!' Hitherto 'all is fiction,' save the names of the two principal personages; the rest is to be history expressly contradistinguished from the world of imagination, and this he calls a natural division! We admit that he has here struck into a new path, but we still dread the impending essay; the more, as we must believe that his speculations will be conformable to his practice, and his illustrations culled from his own 'Demetrius.' It is really too much to play Aristotle and Homer at the same time.

With respect to the execution of the portion in our hands, we must say, generally, that it is wanting in every particular which the

critics have commended as excellent in the great models of this department of poetry. It sins against their best precepts, and possesses none of the merits which they would exact as an atonement. The fable has no attraction in itself, and is most clumsily managed. What it has of incident is neither ingenious nor engaging, and only serves to betray the sterility of an invention which required to be severely tortured to yield enough for the mere sustenance of the slender plot. All is fiction, we are told, except the names of the two principal personages; and for the public, to whom Mr. Eustaphieve has presented his work, and in whose language it is written, those names, as we have before intimated, have not the slightest degree of interest. They are utterly unknown to the great majority of English readers, and must be perfectly indifferent to such of us even as have explored the Russian annals of the 14th century. The opinion of Addison, on a point like this, may be of no weight with Mr. Eustaphieve, but it is worth quoting for our readers. ‘There is a circumstance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to those poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment; I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes persons who are so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, &c. And it is plain, that each of those poems has lost a great advantage among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons. Milton’s poem is admirable in this respect, as his principal actors are not only our progenitors, but our representatives,’ &c.

Why Mr. Eustaphieve having, as was natural, taken his subject from the story of his own country, did not employ his native tongue, is not explained in his Apology. Whoever succeeds in penetrating a few lines into his book, will perceive that his hopes, as an author, rest at home—in Cæsare tantum; and this observation gives occasion for the conjecture, that he aimed at producing a greater effect there, by a *tour de force*, a miracle of literary prowess. The work is ‘most humbly and respectfully’ inscribed to the present empress of all the Russias, and both her majesty and the imperial master are invoked and celebrated at the outset, through four or five most ardent and suppliant pages.* Alexander is first addressed.

Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores—

He is the ‘star of the north,’ with ‘a radiance mild, yet pure;’ he is the ‘first in eminence,’ though ‘second in name’ to him of Persia: and is thus lowly and loyally apostrophized—

‘Illustrious prince, whose blood from Peter’s veins,
A source immortal, flows; vouchsafe to hear
My feeble song, and with complacence look,’ &c.

* We are not ignorant that the poet may plead for this *hallesujaying*, the high authority of La Fontaine.

‘On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes
Les dieux, sa maitresse, et son roi.
Malherbe le disoit; J’y souscris quant à moi;
Ce sont maximes toujours bonnes.
La louange chatouille et gagne les esprits,’ &c.

O that I could approach thee undisguised,
And sing thy deeds confessed! Impossible!
It is the future poet's happy lot:
Yet happier far were mine, if thou, perchance,
Approve my *humble* lay,—delightful hope!

Then the consul turns to the 'sweet partner of Alexander's
scepter'd toil,' and hails her thus—most musically—

'——— Noble christian! Pious queen!
Kind friend! Illustrious female! Spotless wife!' &c.

She is told, soon after, of the zone that girds her 'station's dignity;' of her wearing 'angel woman's genuine heart;' of her bringing

'Forgiveness to the erring, sympathy
To hopeless wo, Protection's cheering smile
To timid genius.'—

For some particular purpose, the word *protection* is distinguished by a capital, as we have given it. The poet proceeds—

'Thou whom great ease to serve
Is sole complaint of thy attending train,' &c.
'Bestow thy gracious, all-benignant look
On this, *the humble poet's humble* mite,
With boldness sprung from overflowing heart
Laid at thy feet! Reject not, I beseech,
This faint attempt, alas! how faint,' &c.

An aspiration follows, that he could dwell at the summer residence of the young empress, where 'ocean's surly god subdued' 'watches, duteous, at her couch of rest;' and where Venus and Pallas 'unite their *mutual* charms' to wait on her!

'——— Oh! were it mine
To mingle in the sacred group, and drink
Pure inspiration from the air so breath'd,
Then might my efforts—But—Hence, wayward wish!
No clime can quench the grateful poet's fire,
No distance cool his *warm* regard.'

There is something a little mysterious in this, as well as in the suggestion to the emperor about approaching his person. But we do not pry into secrets. The empress is summoned to contemplate the author, sustained by 'one great glowing thought,' and pouring forth 'his grateful song' in the midst of a storm in the North sea;

'Heedless the poet stands! warm with the theme,
The glorious theme, rude winter's icy touch
He feels not, spurns the storm, and scarcely deigns
To brush away *the frothy dust that hangs*
In quivering clusters from his humid locks,' &c.

* * * * * 'Wilt thou accept
The homage, stamp'd so deep with seal of truth!
Wilt thou, as lately, on his lighter task,
On this his greater labour smile! A doubt
Would wrong thy generous soul. Thou wilt * * * *
Enough!

Amen! say we. Her majesty cannot, we think, fail to be affected by so romantic a situation, and so chivalrous a devotion: But, if she be familiar with our more ancient poetry, she will, when she

reads her bard's description of the storm, and particularly of the *frothy dust* that hung in *quivering clusters* from his locks, be reminded of the following lines, which rapt Dryden into ecstasy, when he was a boy—

‘Now, when the winter’s keener breath began
To crystallize the Baltic ocean;
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods,’ &c.

We have dwelt upon Mr. Eustaphieve’s obeisances to the imperial pair, in order to convey to our readers at once, an idea not only of his genius as a poet, but of his spirit as a politician. It should be noted, that these orisons to the earthly divinities, are uttered almost in the same breath with the exclamation—

‘To thee, O God! from whom all wisdom flows,
To thee, *alone*, my prayers ascend!’

To speak more seriously on this subject: if we are out of humour with so miserable a caricature of our heroic verse, and the egregious rashness of the author, we are, and are entitled to be, as Americans, absolutely offended at his making our press the censer of this fulsome tribute to a despotic throne. We are not, certainly, inclined to find fault with a Russian for cherishing the highest admiration of the character of Alexander, and the virtues of his consort, which may, for aught we know, deserve the esteem of all the world. We have no right, and feel no disposition to quarrel with any foreigner sojourning among us, for continuing to be a loyal subject of the absolute government to which he may happen to belong. If he be here in an official capacity, we consent without a murmur, that he should, in his official papers, employ, with respect to his sovereign, the style, which is of the courtesy, or servility of his own country, be it as obsequious or hyperbolical as it may. Should he even supererogate a little in this respect, with a view to his private interests, it would be no cause of umbrage, though it might be of disesteem. No man, indeed, of real dignity or independence of mind will go even thus far, and no subject of a monarchical system, if he be a person of sound discretion and perfect breeding, will fail, when among a republican people, to be tender, on every occasion, of their prevailing sentiments, although he may consider them as prejudices. We should prescribe the same rules, *mutatis mutandis*, to a republican in a monarchical country, thoroughly convinced as we are, however, of the exclusive consonance of an erect port and simple address to the honour and welfare of human nature.

But the case of Mr. Eustaphieve is widely different from that of the use or abuse of an official formula. He flouts our republicanism with his oriental devotions to their czarinian majesties; he arrays himself, as it were, in our costume to perform his genuflections, and supplicate imperial smiles; he struts before us unbidden, in his chains, and clanks them exultingly in our ears. By committing this outrage upon our feelings as citizens, by thus braving our antipathies, he has forfeited all title to the indulgence

which we, as polite critics, having to do with a stranger's lay, might have thought ourselves bound to extend to his monstrous imagery and uncouth dialect.

The plot of this first part of Demetrius baffles our limited powers of attention and analysis. As far as we have been able to follow the incidents and characters, we have found them either insipidly commonplace or revoltingly extravagant. The action seems to be arrested and clogged, from page to page, by drawling, witless dialogues and monologues, and stops at length like the story of Menalcas. In our transverse examination of the volume, we could discover that it contained much about the conflagration of Moscow in 1813,—the misdeeds and catastrophe of Bonaparte,—the death of the duke d'Enghein,—the magnanimity of England during the late war, and the degeneracy of her opposition, 'an unnat'ral brood of vipers;'—the political and social merits of Massachusetts, and something complimentary to our country in general, dashed, however, with a most awful and significant But.....* Although these affairs are introduced into a poem, of which the scene is laid in the fourteenth century, it is by direct digression, and not in vision; and the dealing with them so largely and immediately, does not appear to have been considered by the poet as an impediment in the way of the declaration in the Apology, that the present volume is 'all a fiction.'

There is no point relating to the correct structure of an epic poem, upon which critics have more decidedly pronounced, and generally agreed, than the exclusion of allegorical persons as regular agents. Both Addison and Johnson have denounced Milton's *Death and Sin*, admirably as these are informed and managed. Johnson remarks on this subject, that 'to give any real employment to such allegorical persons, or to ascribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to shock the mind, by ascribing effects to non-entity. We see Death, Violence, and Strength, &c. brought upon the stage in the ancient drama, as active persons; but no precedents can justify absurdity.' Addison holds this language: 'These imaginary beings are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just shown, without being engaged in any series of action. When Homer makes use of them, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most

* 'There was one sprung from Albion's mighty loins,
The star-clad mistress of the new-born world
Of promise rich and fair in beauty's bloom;
Of courage, as of freedom justly proud,' &c.

'But . . . wherefore raise oblivion's friendly veil?'

It is a great misfortune for this confederation, 'star-clad,' to have incurred, in any respect, the displeasure of 'her imperial majesty's most devoted, faithful, loyal, and grateful subject;' and it must be regarded as a great felicity by the state of Massachusetts to be told, that he wishes his 'humble lay' to be immortal for her sake. P. 170.

pleasing manner, and may be rather looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions.'

The author of *Demetrius* seems to have aimed at invalidating, by the force of his genius, all example and precept on this head. While he has discarded the usual and authorized description of machinery, he has filled his poem with extended allegories. Policy, Intrigue, War, Echo, the Spirit of the Storm, make a great figure in it as actors. The first, particularly, and numberless personages of the class of those who crowd the *Pilgrim's Progress*, are described and characterized with particular emphasis and minuteness. The prosopopeia is the figure of which Mr. Eustaphieve makes the most frequent, and most preposterous use. A few examples will serve to give the measure of his judgment, and show, at the same time, the felicity of his versification. The following is a part of the account of 'Policy,' a busy and mischievous fiend, not unlike, in its office, the Appollyon of honest John Bunyan. After describing a 'barren peak'

'High in the viewless regions lost, midway
'Twixt earth and heaven,'

the poet proceeds,

'On this curs'd spot
Where nature, forc'd to be unkind, against
Her own creation plots; on this curs'd spot
A monster fear'd, Ambition's eldest born,
In hell engendered after Satan's fall,
Keeps *her* most hideous court. * * *
This monster, of no sex, and yet of both
Partaking, hatched in mischief's fruitful womb,
Under the name usurped of *Policy*
Now, like some subtle spirit, works *his* way
Through the *impervious* barriers of defence.
And now, a giant swoln, *he* with one step
Bestrides the world, and with prodigious grasp,
Labours to pull its mighty fabric down,' &c.

Policy being endued with this marvellous contractibility and expansibility, plays, especially after having 'joined her forces' to those of Superstition, many diabolical pranks, for a knowledge of which we refer the reader to various parts of the poem. One of *her* or *his* coadjutors, being portrayed at full length, and most fearfully, is thus christened,

'——— This abject, low born worm,
Intrigue its name.'

War is another of the evil genii, or rather *Ogres*, and to its character a full page is devoted, with this superb climax:

'Yet strange to tell,
The more this demon feeds, the more he craves,
Insatiate, ravenous; and should the world
Be of its victims drain'd, by hunger urged
And fury, he would prey upon himself!!'

Echo is presented as sleeping in her caves, and anon it is said of her—

‘ Echo startled in her caves
With maniac terror rushes out, and finds
No refuge on the spacious globe.’

It is the *Spirit of the Storm* that rouses and bewilders her so cruelly, and this tremendous Spirit deserves to be marked in another of his feats. Being despatched by the Omnipotent, with ‘a high commission,’ to the ‘nether regions,’ he is soon there.

‘ Lo! his flight
Is o’er! He stops, and with the waving wand
Strikes Earth’s huge swift-revolving orb. He strikes—
And thrilling tremor creeping through her veins,
Convulses all her frame. Scarce ’gainst such force,
Can her vibrating axis hold. She reels,
She groans, and quick, obedient to the stroke,
Opens her wat’ry stores. * * *

Never but once,
When to the first great deluge she gave birth,
Felt she so great a shock, or was so forced
To drain her genial sources *up* and bleed
At ev’ry pore.’

Poor mother Earth! this was, indeed, her agony; a most woful travail.

Of the whole phantasmagoria of Mr. Eustaphieve, his favourite monsters and agents we would suppose to be *Superstition* and *Fire*, from the superlative wildness and elaborateness of the personification. Super-imposito moles geminata colosso.—The description of *fire* is sufficient to reclaim any Gheber from his idolatry—

‘ Quick, spirit-like,
Elastic, whole, though breaking into parts,
With tongue adhering fast, corrosive, dipp’d
In burning Hell, the greedy monster licks
The polish’d walls, by Time’s rude hand untouch’d—
* * * * * devours
The sculptor’s and the carver’s costliest work;
* * * * * He swells, he raves,
He vomits *downwards* from his belching mouth
The red-hot showers. Wild flares his *gristly* hair,’ &c.
‘ He rides a thick, *dark-crimson*, smothering cloud,’ &c.

These are not even the boldest strokes of the picture. But having given our readers so much of the terrible, it is time to refresh them a little, and we have the means at hand in an original, dainty love-scene between—Aurora and Phœbus:

‘ Meanwhile, uprisen from her dewy bed
Aurora weeps for the delay’d approach
Of her fond bridegroom, radiant god of day.
But soon she *feels* him nearer, and betimes
His lofty race-way clears of mists and clouds.
* * * * * That nothing may she want
To give so great a guest reception fit
And suiting welcome; her *preventive* care
The costly chamber of the Universe
Nobly prepares: then putting on her rich
And many-coloured robes, with silver wrought
And orient pearls adorned, she wipes away
Each tearful drop not shed from joy, and hastes,

Him, at the blazing portals of the East,
To meet, and *vanish in his arms.*'

We cannot help thinking of the situation of the poor friend who may have been obliged to con over the manuscript of '*Demetrius*,' when he reached the passage here quoted. It was truly the sad predicament so feelingly described by Pope—

'To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face:
I sit with sad civility,—I read
With honest anguish and an aching head.'

Extravagant allegories, more or less lengthened, of the sort of which we have furnished specimens, make up a considerable portion of the volume. Such an aggregation of 'three-piled hyperboles and figures pedantical,' it never has been our misfortune to encounter before, and never, we are sure, will be again, until the second part of *Demetrius* shall appear in print. Nothing can convey even a faint idea of the chaos of allegories and metaphors into which the reader is plunged, except, perhaps, the famous medley of the *Dunciad*:

'All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.'

There are licenses and strainings in every page, at which Lee, or Rowe, or Darwin, or Tom Thumb, might stand aghast. Such, for instance, in addition to what we have already quoted, are the following. Speaking of the destruction of 'a stupendous pile' that might have served 'as a footstool for the Titanian race to storm the seat of Jove,' the poet writes—

'It spreads—it flies—
It groans—it raves—it bursts!'

And of the Russian host—

'Our warriors, led through million deaths
Scorn'd threat'ning ills, soar'd above hostile fate,
Incessant toil'd, impetuous warr'd, and storm'd
Impossibility's own rocky hold.'

Of the punishment of a traitor by Mamay—

* * * 'So, with prodigious force,
High as an arm can reach, he toss'd him up,
Like some light reed, and, horrid to relate!
With furious energy and malice dire,
He dash'd him on the marble at his feet.
The senseless floor, *hard, cold*, seem'd yet to feel
The dreadful shock, and to recoil with fear,' &c.

And of an embattled Tartar foe of *Demetrius*—eclipsing even the Drawcansir, of the immortal Bayes:

'Frightful, tremendous, was the monster's mien,
He look'd a moving tow'r with thousand souls,
With strength of thousand men endow'd,
* * * * * He seems

A giant cloth'd with dark, disastrous flame
Menacing pestilence; *while dragg'd along,*
A fiery comet on his shoulders hangs!!

'I am much deceived,' says Dryden, after quoting some similar lines of one of his cotemporaries, 'if this be not abominable fustian; a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense.' The same great critic, describing the verses of a brother-bard in one of his prologues, relates of him,

'But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
He loos'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad.'

Just so Mr. Eustaphieve, when he is handling the tyrant Mamay—the great antagonist of his hero. The speeches which he has put into his mouth cry out for vengeance upon the author, but we cannot stop to execute it, richly due as it is to our much injured language, and even, we should think, to the manes of Mamay's understanding.

According to the sage maxim which Ricardus Aristarchus has so earnestly pressed in his Dissertation 'of the Hero of the Epic Poem,' prefixed to the Dunciad, Demetrius is faultless and god-like. His horse is a lineal descendant of the 'far-fam'd Bucephalus.' He is under the special protection of Jehovah, who saves him, miraculously, more than once, by means of his lightning. On the first occasion, when the hero is in the hands of his enemy, loaded with fetters, and about to be arrowed, a sheet of vivid flame descends, and

'The grating chains,
Prodigious to relate! were melted down,
And from his body fell in harmless drops.'

Again, in another mortal crisis—

'The blow—the Thunder's peal
Were but one instant; as if man had struck
With Heaven's own red-hot arm. Blest prodigy!
It sav'd the prince a second time!'

The impression which he makes when first seen as a stranger-knight, upon two beauteous and high-born damsels, deserves to be reported, though there may seem a little too much significancy in the description. Demetrius

'impels the restive charger back,
His graceful movements, and his *agile* strength,
The fine proportion of his *pliant* limbs
At once with wonder mute the virgins strike.
* * * * * Sensations new,
Mingled, confus'd, invade their breasts: they pine
With wishes which they dare not scan, with fear
They tremble, sigh with pain, with pleasure blush;
Pant for relief, yet dread to be reliev'd,' &c.

Selima, one of these panting virgins, becomes the heroine, and the knight 'all her own.'—They have long colloquies, and several tender meetings; at one of which, that takes place in a chapel at midnight, the fair inamorata

'makes no effort to obtain
Release from the sweet bondage of his arms,' &c.

The rencontre is compared to that of the morning goddess with the god of day, when the former

‘ Sinks in his warm embrace and melts away.’

Selima talks thus—

‘ Offend me, prince, thou never canst: nor I
Forgive thee, since forgiveness cannot well
Precede offence!—’

When she ends—telling him

‘ My heart and hand are ever thine.’
‘ Here the enraptur’d prince. “ And what could God
Say more, if on a mortal he bestow’d
His universe? * * * *

I offer heart for heart
And hand for hand, equal to thine in faith.
* * * * By every tender tie
Solemn and lasting, Selima is mine
Not more than I am her’s!’’

After a formal harangue from each, and an interchange of vows, sealed by ‘ Love’s first glowing kiss,’

‘ in ecstasy
Of bliss, and sweet discourse by look supplied
Whenever language fail’d, they pass the night,
To all, save to each other, lost. They find
Within themselves a world unknown; and this
Exploring, they forget th’ exterior world,’ &c.

In all this, and whatever concerns the relations of Demetrius with Selima, there is a mawkishness, silliness, and *innocent* nakedness of exhibition which entitle the author to be admitted at once into the Lake school. It is wonderful how he has contrived to catch the defects and affectations, and travesty the peculiar manner of the poets whose works he seems to have studied as a magazine of figures, and epithets, and forms of expression; of Milton, Darwin, Barlow, Wordsworth, &c. We scarcely know in what terms to speak of his diction. The words of our language were never, before, we believe, so grouped, when there was an aim at meaning and metre; out of no disposition of them ever attempted in a grave composition, has there been produced, as far as we know, a series of phrases so harsh, rigid, cold, and colourless. Yet it is evident that the author intended and expected to achieve a style the very opposite, and that he has been at infinite pains in rummaging dictionaries and books of blank verse, for suitable materials. He has carried the license of elision to an extreme unparalleled, and practised it in a way to produce an effect generally ludicrous, and always grating and inelegant. He may have, as he tells us in his Apology, a *prophetic ear* (every one must admire the catachresis); but he certainly has not a musical ear, and is incapable of distinguishing rhythm from rattle. Our readers have, no doubt, decided on the point already; we must be permitted, however, to offer a few more illustrations, as well of this incapacity, as of another under which he labours—of discriminating between the *sermo pedestris*, the expressions of a low or too

familiar cast, and those of the elevation or refinement proper for the majesty of the epopee. We select, at random, the following phrases:

‘From that iniquitous dread pre-eminence,
Whereon he, peerless, proudly stands alone,’ &c.

‘For, all to sum, at once, ’tis also said,’ &c.

‘Their place within, to th’ outward list’ning ear.’

‘To speed her Votary’s most wicked cause.’

‘Fury unspeakable the tyrant seized,
What? Beard me here! Me, dare *me* to the deed?’

‘His trembling frame
The storm-driv’n leaf; his chatt’ring teeth, the stones
That rattled ’gainst the stones.’

‘More cruel than to change men into stones
Their glimpse congeals the soul,’ &c.

‘The fight
Is o’er! ’Tis slaughter, carnage, murder all!’

‘At length, after a march,’ &c.

‘The column pass’d the bridge, to intercept
Demetrius,’ &c.

‘The *stripling* hero, Moskow’s mighty prince,
Behold him somewhat of his glory *clipp’d*.’

‘Not always can escape the Reynard sly;
Not always Satan prospers,’ &c.

‘And fix’d his eyes on those bright regions blest
Whereto his soul, already seem’d, releas’d, &c.

‘Sure ’tis wise to fear,
At least ’tis wise to doubt, when chances are
Against our hopes. ’Tis true,’ &c.

‘Tears of blood distain
The tyrant’s cheeks. He gnash’d his teeth and beat
His head against the rocks. He gnaw’d his flesh,
With rage convulsive foamed, and in the dust
Wild-bellowing roll’d.’

* * * Where’er he flies
Echo repeats his curses and his vows
To move all Asia, Earth, Heav’n, Hell itself,
Against Kazan and Moskow’s hated Lord.—

And so ends the first part of Demetrius—somewhat like the Paradise Lost.

We have not thought it necessary to dissect the passages which we have quoted, because there is no English reader of common judgment or taste who can mistake, for a moment, their true character. If we could light upon any thing like real poetry in the volume, we should quote it with more readiness than we have copied all this robustious nonsense. But as the author has no native warmth, or vigour of fancy, no fertility of invention, no *tact* as to language, none of ‘the thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers,’ he is constantly, as it appears to us, either lost in the clouds, or creeping on the ground; his periods are neither said nor sung; in labouring to be sublime, he only works out huge, misshapen images, and accumulates rumbling, unwieldy epithets.

On the whole, we consider this first part of ‘Demetrius’ as a ‘water-mark of the lowest ebb,’ as a complete miscarriage—as notable as any which has occurred since the era of Chapelain’s *Pucelle*. If Mr. Eustaphie should be so ‘impenitently bold’ as to publish his second part, we feel confident that he will experience the same fate as in the present instance; and we do not wish a better to him or to any man, foreigner or compatriot, who, without the due preparation and parts, attempts among us ‘the greatest work of human nature,’ the *τελευταῖον ἐπιγένημα*—the last best fruit of the human mind. American literature is exposed to suffer abroad in its reputation by every such act of presumptuousness; advantage is taken of the hallucinations of the individual to decry the taste and genius of the country. The only defence then is, for the critical journals of America to show, promptly, an adequate sense of the demerits of his production; and it is this consideration which chiefly determined us in the course we have pursued as to ‘Demetrius.’ To proceed mincingly in such cases, is only to bring the national judgment more certainly into question; to betray the interests of our fame, and the cause of letters.

Of late years, it has become, all over the world, the fashion to write epics. A slight success in the humble walks of the muse, is thought enough to justify the mighty experiment; every smatterer in verse, every sonneteer and play-wright must build on the scale of Homer and Milton:

Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs.

The fable of the Frog and the Ox has ceased to be remembered or regarded, though almost invariably realized in these arrogant and hopeless endeavours. There are at this moment no less than five grand epics on the anvil in the class of literature of the French academy. We can foresee, distinctly, their common destiny, and know an epitaph to be found in the good *La Fontaine*, which may serve equally for the muse of each of the ambitious bards.

—*La chétive pécure*

S’enfla si bien qu’elle creva.

We by no means despair of seeing produced among ourselves, in the fulness of time, an heroic poem, which shall rival in sublimity and beauty, and surpass in interest and instructiveness, any the most excellent and admired, of which the world is in possession. The discovery and revolutions of this continent, which remain to be sung in a suitable manner, constitute the noblest and richest subject ever opened to poetic genius. But it is only genius of the first order, disciplined and fed as Milton describes his to have been, that is competent to the glorious theme. To those of our countrymen who may aim at treating it, and, generally, to all candidates for ‘epic bays,’ we would never cease to repeat the lesson inculcated by Pope on our own aspiring tribe:

‘Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,
How far your talents, taste, and learning go;
Lanch not beyond your depth’—

ART. VI.—*Recollections of Curran and some of his Cotemporaries.*
By Charles Phillips, Esq. 8vo. pp. 407.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

WE will not follow the present memoir through its details of birth, parentage, education, and events of life. Indeed it is but meagre in these respects; and rather a desultory compilation of the speeches and bon-mots, with some account of the later habits of the individual subject, than a work to satisfy the appetite of the public for the biography of an extraordinary man. Had we nothing of Mr. Curran but what is here recorded, we should be apt not only to imagine that his domestic life required all the partiality of friendship to slur it over into an odious obscurity, athwart which the phosphoric light of corruption alone shed a gleam, but that his eloquence was more brilliant than admirable, and his wit far below the standard of fineness at which it is estimated by his countrymen. But it is notorious that, at least in the latter instance, the celebrity of Mr. Curran was fully merited, and that there are a multitude of his felicitous and truly attic sallies stored in the memory of those who knew him, and repeated in every company, which raise him far above the herd of mere social jesters, who say good things at second hand, and find convivial fame either in exhausting bad puns, or committing petty larcenies on the jest-book.

As Mr. Phillips, however, has given his volume the modest name of *Recollections*, we shall not be so unjust as to try it by a test higher than its pretensions. Although, therefore, some of its jokes are poor, and some of dates anterior to Mr. Curran's era; though, with a few exceptions, the speeches are already familiar to the public, and the *recollections* of cotemporaries merely *extracts* from sir Jonah Barrington, and other writers; and though much of silly and pernicious party politics are interwoven in a web of other tissue, which would have been infinitely more appropriate as well as agreeable without them; the reader for amusement will find in this production a sufficient portion of light matter to repay his perusal of it.

As, for the reason we have stated, we are released from the task of following the narrative, we shall content ourselves with copying a few of the anecdotes and jeux d'esprit least known, as specimens of the work.

At a time when called before the college board for wearing a *dirty shirt*—

'I pleaded,' said Curran, 'inability to wear a *clean one*, and I told them the story of poor lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. "I wish, mother," said Barry, "I had *eleven* shirts."—"Eleven! Barry, why *eleven*?"—"Because, mother, I am of opinion, that a gentleman, to be *comfortable*, ought to have *the dozen*." Poor Barry had but *one*, and I made the precedent my justification.'

'In an election for the borough of Tallagh, Egan* was an unsuccessful

* A contemporary counsellor, of robust frame.

ful candidate—he, however, appealed from the decision, and the appeal came of course before a committee of the house of commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer, Egan was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his wig in the other, and his whole countenance raging like the dog-star, when he met Curran—"I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran—"Sorry! why so, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas! Egan, its but too visible to every one that you're losing *tallow* (Tallagh) fast."

Lord Clare, it is said, discountenanced Mr. Curran at the bar, and we are told—

'One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in chancery, lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument, he *lent his ear* much more to the dog than to the barrister. This was observed at length by the whole profession—in time the chancellor lost all regard for decency—he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began, in full court, to fondle the animal—Curran stopped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said lord Clare, who certainly had much of the coxcomb in his manner. "O! I beg a thousand pardons, my lord—I really took it for granted that your lordship was *employed in consultation*."

'An Irish gentleman, who certainly preserved most patriotically all the richness of his original pronunciation, had visited Cheltenham, and during his stay there, acquired a most extraordinary habit of perpetually lolling his tongue out of his mouth! "What can he mean by it?" said somebody to Curran—"Mean by it," said Curran, "why, he means, if he can, *to catch the English accent*."

Description of a speech made by serjeant Hewit.

'The learned serjeant's speech put me exactly in mind of a familiar utensil in domestic use, commonly called an *extinguisher*:—it began at a point, and on it went, widening and widening, until at last it fairly put the question out altogether.'

'*Cross-examining witnesses.*

'Inquiring his master's age from an horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend—has he not lost his teeth?" "Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age as he does his horse's, by *the mark of mouth*?" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered—"You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a *great bite*."

'To a witness of the name of *Halfpenny*, he once began—"Halfpenny, I see you're a *raf*, and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter."—"Halfpenny is sterling," exclaimed the opposite counsel—"No, no," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience, only *copper washed*."

'To Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist, once hesitating on the table—"Lundy, Lundy—that's a poser—a *devil of a pinch*."

The ancient joke, of giving the motto of *Quid Rides* for this snuffmaker's carriage, is also assigned to Curran.

'Examining a country squire, who disputed a collier's bill—"Did he not give you the *coals*, friend?"—"He did, sir, but ————" "But what?—on your oath, was n't your payment *slack*?"

These are a fair sample of Mr. Phillips' recorded witticisms: they teach us how difficult it is to maintain the reputation of a humourist, by repeating those smart things which doubtless gave animation and delight at the time they were originally uttered.

Mr. Curran's most powerful efforts were directed to his professional duties.

'His speeches,' says the author, 'never were corrected by himself, and so dissatisfied was he at their publication, that he told me he offered five hundred pounds for their suppression, which was refused. It was his intention, an intention continually expressed, and as continually procrastinated, to have given to the world a genuine edition, prefixing to each speech a little memorandum, explanatory of the events in which it originated. This he designed to be only a supplement to the political history of his own times; "and for this," said he, "there are alive only two men in Ireland who are competent—Mr. Grattan and myself; but he is too industrious during the session, and too indolent during the vacation, and, at all events, would handle the subject too much *en philosophe*; but I, in all except my talents, should be the most natural historian; for I have not only visited the castle and the senate, but I have taken the gauge of treason in the *dungeon* and in the *tender*.'"

There appears to be a little want of judgment in preserving this egotistical declaration. Ireland, we believe, had, and has many men competent to be her able historians, though perhaps they might not think Mr. Curran's speeches, however distinguished for talent, a proper *supplement* to their work. Mr. Phillips also draws a very unfortunate picture of his late friend as a counsellor, to whose zeal was confided the interests of his clients.

'His notions of industry,' says Mr. P., 'were very ludicrous. An hour to him was a day to another man; and in his natural capabilities; his idleness found a powerful auxiliary. A single glance made him master of the subject; and though imagination could not supply him facts, still it very often became a successful substitute for authorities. He told me once, in serious refutation of what he called the professional calumnies on this subject, that he was quite as laborious as was necessary for any Nisi Prius advocate to be: "For," said he, with the utmost simplicity, "I always perused my briefs carefully when I was concerned for the plaintiff, and it was not necessary to do it for the defendant, because you know *I could pick up the facts from the opposite counsel's statement*." This is what Curran considered being laborious; and, to say the truth, it was at best but an industrious idleness.'

To say the truth, it was a gross breach of trust, and we sincerely hope and believe that Mr. Curran was never guilty of so scandalous a dereliction of the duty every lawyer owes to those who, with the facts of their case, put their property and happiness into the hands of their advocate. But we do not wish to pursue this train of observation, and take leave of our subject altogether, by simply expressing our regret that Mr. Phillips, for the sake of his own literary character, did not take more time than twenty-two days to concoct those recollections, and for the sake of his dead friend, did not reconsider and better weigh many of the disclosures he has, as we think, imprudently made.

We might add, that Mr. Curran's speech against the marquis of Headfort is here first published; and his well-known poem "the Plate-warmer," for the fiftieth time. The following verses from his pen, are either more novel, or less remembered.

TO SLEEP.

O Sleep, awhile thy power suspending,
Weigh not yet my eye-lid down,
For Memory, see! with eve attending,
Claims a moment for her own:
I know her by her robe of mourning,
I know her by her faded light,
When faithful with the gloom returning,
She comes to bid a sad goodnight.

O! let me hear, with bosom swelling,
While she sighs o'er time that's past;
O! let me weep, while she is telling
Of joys that pine, and pangs that last.
And now, O Sleep, while grief is streaming,
Let thy balm sweet peace restore;
While fearful hope through tears is beaming,
Sooth to rest that wakes no more.

Lines written impromptu on the marble pillar at Boulogne, after Napoleon's fall.

When Ambition attains its desire,
How Fortune must smile at the joke!
You rose in a pillar of fire—
You sunk in a pillar of smoke.

ART. VII.—*Description of the Plague in Malta in the year 1813.*
By Murdo Young.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

HAVING been in Malta in the year 1813, during the prevalence of the plague in that island, and having seen no description of its ravages since my arrival in this country, I am induced to give a brief account of its appearance, progress, and termination.

About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumour was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of La-Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate: and, after having been carried to the quarantine hospital or lazaretto, he, too, fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease.

The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till all at once the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town, and

Suspended pleasure in the dread of pain,
While desolation urged his woful reign!

Amusements ceased—places of public worship were shut up:—for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thi-

ther, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conducted to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined to the want of sea breezes, rendered La-Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street! People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him—life was dear to all—and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain; for it was immediately retorted—*go yourself!* One might as well ask them to rouse a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave.

Prohibitory orders were now issued, commanding all persons from appearing in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the governor, or the board of health. The consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigour of quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly reappeared. This was owing to the reprehensible avarice of merciless individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value, and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave!

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors; and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one half of the sick, who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town. Indeed no expense was spared to overcome the evil. But the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were woefully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common-place medicine—and herbs—to the use and application of which old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who, having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession: but I am sorry to add, that he fell a sacrifice to his humanity, in the behalf of his countrymen.

About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree—from fifty to seventy-five daily—the number falling sick was equal—indeed greater. Such was the printed report of the board of health:—but the real extent of the calamity was not known; for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague-hospitals, whither every person was carried along with the sick from the infected houses, that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shadow of that heart-rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first the scene is far removed: and were it even present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house the beholder, the sickening, and the dying: to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave!

Indeed the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil, which

Subdued the proud—the humble heart distress—

and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained, lest in a short time none would be found to perform this melancholy office—but

Grecians came—a death-determined band,
Hell in their face—and horror in their hand!

Clad in oiled leather, these daring and ferocious Greeks volunteered their services effectually; but their number was so small, that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, cleared and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. till we saw

Nights red with ruin—lighting in the morn.

They did not all escape the evil:—but I have seen some of them, when duty led them near the prison where their friends were confined, climb up to the chimney top of the infected house, and, being

Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wave to their friends in openness of joy!

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague-doctors from Smyrna. These strangers excited great interest; and treated the malady with unbecoming contempt. They related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death!—That the promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil! for wherever a corse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head

and feet of the body, and hurried it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home; for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity most praiseworthy—entering into the vilest and most forbidding places—handling the sick, the dying, and the dead—the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions, and defied their skill:—

Spread through the isle its overwhelming gloom,
And daily dug the nightly glutted tomb!

The *casals* or villages of *Birchircarra*, *Zebbug*, and *Curmi*, suffered lamentably; the last most severely, on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all: and black covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. In these vehicles the dead were huddled together.

Men—women—babes—promiscuous, crowd the scene,
Till morning chase their bearers from the green.

Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from carts. They fled the approach of morning, lest the frequency of their visits should fill the inhabitants with *more* alarming apprehensions. The *silence* of day was not less dreary than the *dark parade* of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the '*Dead!*' as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine! The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand—the bays were forsaken—and strangers, appearing off the harbour, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former; but on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the *Moors* generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office, very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food, which a moment before they craved to eat.

In autumn the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was but too well founded. The plague returned a third time, from

a more melancholy cause than formerly: two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets—the poor starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection, as described in the poem. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease, the other fled; but his career was short—the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavour to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. The street of Pozzi was entirely depopulated, with the exception of one solitary girl, who remained about the house of her misery like one of those spirits that are supposed to haunt mortality in the stillness of the grave!

A thousand anecdotes might be related from what fell under my own observation, but they are all so touchingly sad, that I must omit them to spare the soft breast of sympathy.

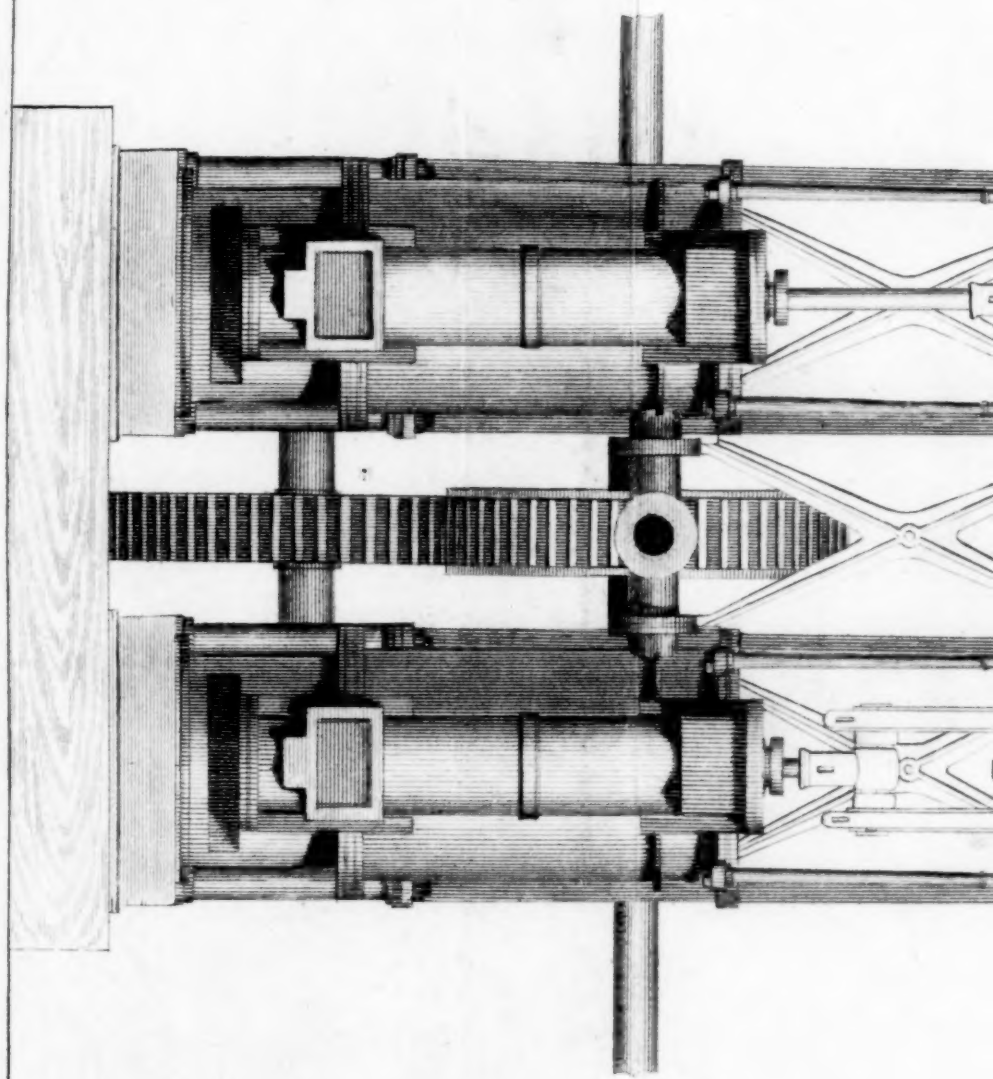
Fancy may conjure up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building in the vicinity of fort Angelo: thither some more were taken afterwards—but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued ‘as even imagination fears to trace.’ The catastrophe of the black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this: there, it was suffocation—here, it was the blasting breath of pestilence!—the living—the dying—and the dead, in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium, mingled in one groan of horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature!

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood:—his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return: the priest felt uneasy at her long absence, and calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the rope with the intention of helping her—and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death.

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite—apathy ensued. An abcess formed under each armpit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done, the patient survived; if not, the abcesses grew of a livid colour, and suppurated. Then was the critical moment—of life or dissolution.

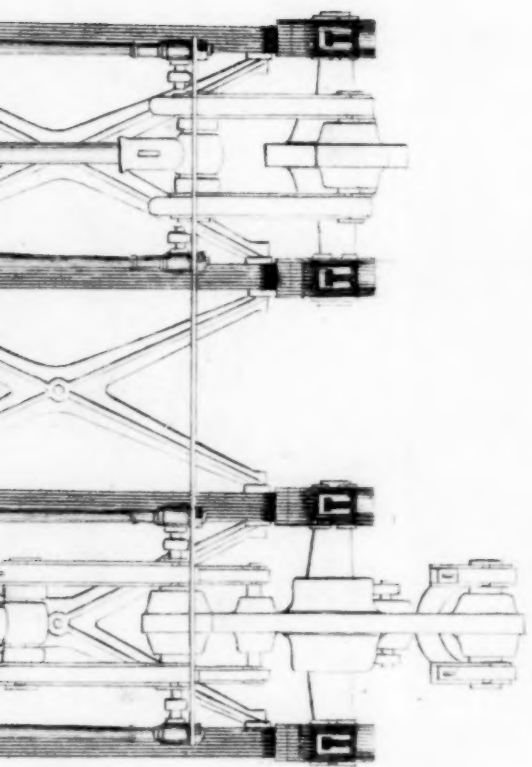
The rains of December, and the cool breezes of January, dispelled the remains of the plague in La-Valette: but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables, and other matter, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Every precaution was wisely

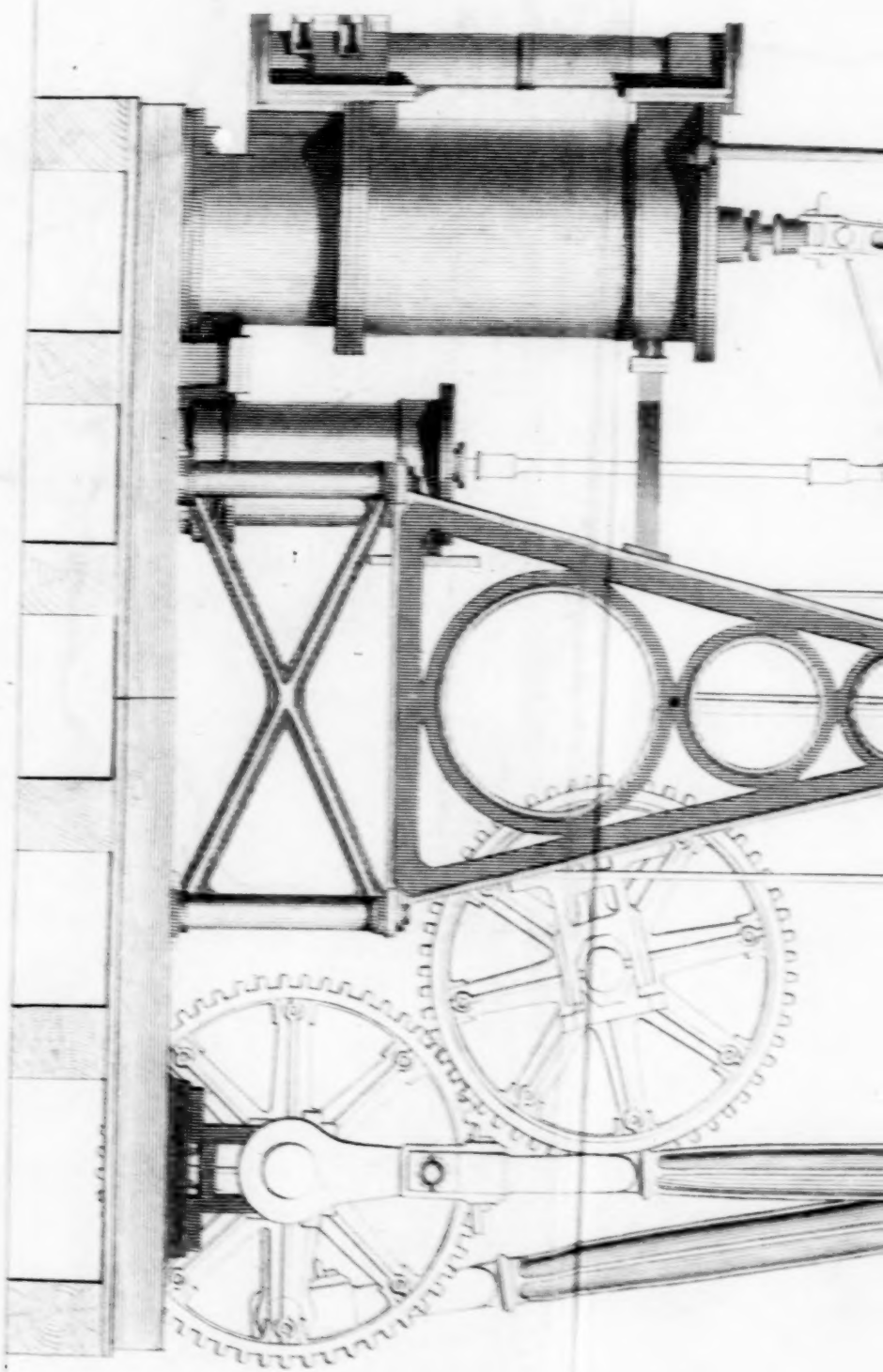




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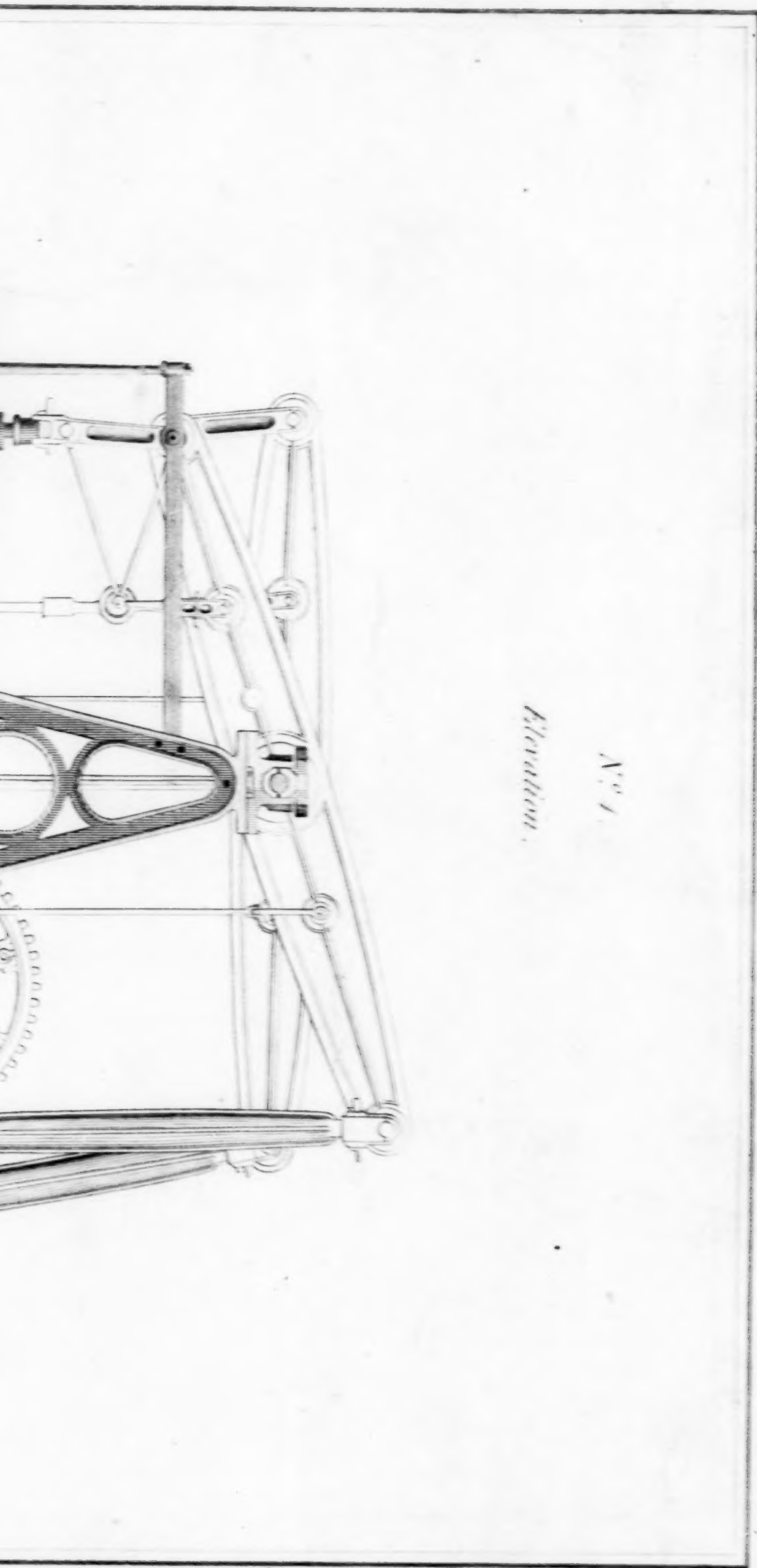
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6. Steam Engine constructed on the Principle of H.B. Ogden's Patent.

Scale 1/4 inch to a foot.



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ART. VIII.—New

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taken by the former, and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which proceeded in constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked, and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces, the tops of the houses being all, or principally, flat. There friends and lovers used to enjoy the pleasure of beholding each other at a distance, while

Retracing long those walks with weary feet,
They cursed the fate which warned them not to meet!

When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory!

Before leaving Malta, I had the melancholy satisfaction of standing on the ruins of the plague-hospital, which had been burnt to ashes—that place where so many hopes and fears were hushed to rest! It gave rise to dismal recollections!

May none of my readers ever behold the miseries of the plague, or endure the lingering tantalization of the quarantine!

ART. VIII.—*New Steam Engine.*

THE following steam engine, constructed under the direction of colonel Ogden of New Jersey, and intended for a steam-boat to ply to and from Norfolk in Virginia, seems calculated to give equal power, with diminished fuel, and dispensing with some of the apparatus commonly in use. The prodigious importance of steam engines seems now well understood, and any attempt to improve them deserves attention on part of the public. C.

‘The principal object in the construction of this engine is, a saving of the *expansive* power of the steam; which in ordinary ones is either entirely disregarded, or by being effected in a single cylinder, of necessity increases its size to an inconvenient degree, (an objection noticed by Mr. Watt in his elucidation of the subject—vide *Encyclopedia*, Art. *Steam*, &c.) besides adding to the already irregular motion it is subject to, and which even a balance-wheel cannot entirely obviate.

‘Steam is subject to the same law as other expansive fluids,—compressed to half its volume, it acts with double force, or expanded to twice, with precisely half: thus, if of the original power of ten pounds to the inch, it be admitted into a cylinder during half the stroke, and then shut off, it will continue to exert a decreasing power, until at the close it will be at five, its expansion will consequently be the mean (about seven.) If therefore the steam be used in two cylinders, each alternately half filled, the expansive power operating in one, while the full power is exerted in the other, both acting simultaneously on the same shaft, it is clear, that without loss of time or inequality of motion, the whole of that expansion, or *seventy per cent.* will be added to the power of the engine.

‘ If the same quantity of steam be used in a single cylinder of double area, and to obtain the benefit of expansion, shut off at half stroke, there will be at every closing of the valves, a revulsion in the boiler that must certainly be more destructive to its duration than if the expenditure were in an uninterrupted stream.

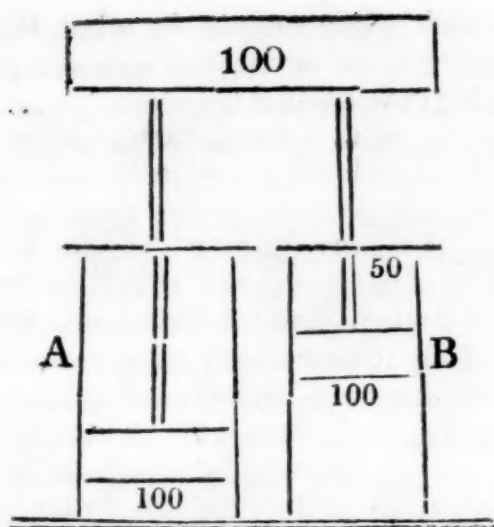
‘ The secondary advantages arising out of this construction are, The gearing being to cranks at right angles with each other, when the one is at its minimum or *dead point*, the other being at its maximum, will carry it past the centre, and (the one gaining at the same rate that the other is losing power) will perfectly equalize the motion, and thereby do away the necessity of a balance or fly-wheel.

‘ The engine may be started off from any point it may happen to rest at, without the trouble that frequently occurs in the single ones of prying past the centre.

‘ As either cylinder may be worked separately, by throwing the other out of gear, the chances of accident are not so great, nor the effect so much to be apprehended, for should a derangement occur to any part of the machinery of one engine, its corresponding part in the other will be capable of performing the duties in both.’

The most important advantage to be derived from this construction of the steam engine, is the addition of the *expansive* to the original power of the steam from the boiler, of whatever elasticity.

Steam when enclosed, having a space in which to expand to twice its original volume, acts with a power which is in a ratio, according to the demonstration of Mr. Watt, (vide Encyclopedia, Art. Steam, plate 478, fig. 10—1st American edition,) to its original power, as 170 to 100. Thus, if the power of steam admitted from the boiler uninterruptedly into the cylinder, during the whole stroke, be as 100, it will act, if shut off when the cylinder is half filled, (that is with 50) with a power equal to 85. If, therefore, there are two cylinders, by means of which the steam be made to act on the same machinery, and if the steam be admitted into each during half the stroke only, and suffered to act by its expansive force during the other half, but in such manner that when shut off from one cylinder it is immediately admitted into the other, then there will be always acting on the machinery a power of steam equal to that of the full stream from the boiler, in addition to the power which steam possesses of expansion. Therefore, one cylinder full of steam is, by this means, made to act with the original power of unexpanded steam, and also with that of steam expanding to double its volume. Thus, with a boiler capable of supplying one cylinder full of steam at every stroke of the piston, as is the case in the ordinary engines of Boulton and Watt, rating the power at 100, a power is obtained from the same steam, with two cylinders, equal to 170.



Suppose the power applied in either cylinder, be equal to raising the weight 100—Suppose it lifted by B to its present situation, and the communication from the boiler to B then closed, and opened to A—it follows, that as the power in A will, of itself, be sufficient to raise the weight, the expansion, whatever it is, in B, will be added to the 100 in A—And as all elastic fluids, occupying double space, act with half pressure, the power in B,

when the piston shall have arrived at the top of its stroke, will be equal to 50; the gain will, consequently, be the mean between that and 100.

A second, and certainly not unimportant advantage is, that as the communication of the power from the two cylinders to the cranks is at right angles, and both act on the same leading shaft, it will always be equalized; as, when one crank is at its dead point, the other will be at its strongest; and they will thus mutually assist each other, thereby doing away the necessity of balance-wheels, always inconvenient on board of vessels. In consequence of this a more convenient arrangement can be made with the machinery, by which it may be more safely protected in vessels of war, &c.

This engine will be much less liable to derangement, as, from its construction, should an accident happen to any part, there is always a corresponding one capable of performing the functions of both. When the wind is strongly adverse, an engine is unable to make its usual number of revolutions; from eighteen or twenty strokes per minute it is sometimes reduced to ten or twelve, and, consequently, the surplus steam must be suffered to escape from the safety valve:—with two cylinders this will be entirely obviated, as whatever may be the quantity of steam generated, it can all be used by altering the time of shutting off in the cylinders, and thus the power will be increased with increased resistance.

ART. IX.—*Notoria; or Miscellaneous Articles of Philosophy, Literature, &c.*

Account of Mr. Burckhardt, the celebrated traveller in Africa.—From the Quarterly Review of June 1818.

Mr. J. L. Burckhardt, a cadet of one of the principal families in Switzerland, was a native of Zurich. At the time when the despotism of France had closed every avenue, but one, of distinction to the youth of the continent, our young traveller, unwilling to engage in the career of a military life, came over to England, with an introduction to sir Joseph Banks, and after a few months' residence in London, offered his ser-

vices to the African Association. The result of Park's first attempt had more effect in kindling his hopes of final success, than the fate of Houghton, Horneman, and Ledyard in depressing them. Possessed of a good constitution, and unimpeached moral character, well educated, and capable of improving his talents by application in whatever pursuit might be found necessary to qualify him for the undertaking, he was immediately enlisted into the service of the association, and received from various quarters every

assistance he required in the different branches of science, to which his attention was directed.

Mr. Burckhardt left England on the 2d of March, 1809, for Malta, whence he set out for Aleppo, which he reached on the 6th of July following. Here, and at Damascus, he spent a principal part of the next three years; during which he made a variety of excursions into the Hauran and the Lesge, visited the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec, passed some time among the Turkmans of the northern provinces of Syria, and perfected himself in the knowledge of the religion, manners, and language of the Mahommedan Arabs, by frequent and long residences among the Bedouins of the desert. The result of his researches in that part of the world, which he considered as merely preparatory to his great enterprise, the African Association now possess, in the form of journals, and of political, geographical, and statistical notices. On the 18th of June, 1812, he set out from Damascus for Cairo, avoiding the usual route of the sea coast and desert between El Arish and the borders of Egypt, and directing his course, in the disguise of the poorest of the Bedouins, from the Holy Land, east of the Jordan, by Szalt, into Arabia Petræa, and across the great desert El Ty: he reached Cairo on the 4th of September, with the intention of availing himself of the first opportunity of penetrating into Africa, which the departure of a Fezzan or a Darfour caravan might afford him.

Finding, however, that this was not likely soon to take place, he determined to pass the intermediate time in exploring Egypt and the country above the Cataracts, and was thus enabled to perform two very arduous and interesting journeys into the ancient Æthiopia: one of them along the banks of the Nile, from Assouan to Dar El Mahass on the frontiers of Dongola, in the months of February and March 1813, during which he discovered many remains of ancient Egyptian and Nubian architecture, with Greek inscriptions, such as are found in the temples of Philæ;—the other, between March and July, in the following year, through Nubia to Souakim and Djedda. The details of this journey contain the best notices ever received in Europe of the actual state of society, trade, manufac-

tures and government, in what was once the cradle of all the knowledge of the Egyptians.

Our traveller's next excursion appears to have been from Cairo into the peninsula of Arabia, for the purpose of visiting the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; in the former of which he resided between four and five months, making his observations secure under the character of a Mahommedan Hadje or pilgrim, and with all the advantages of the perfect knowledge which he had now acquired in the religion, language and manners of the inhabitants. His residence in this part of the east necessarily brought him into contact with the Wahabees; and the Association have received from him, besides a full description of Mecca, and of the early and recent superstitions of that part of the world, a very elaborate account of the rise and progress of this extraordinary set of Mahommedan puritans, comprehending the whole of their political history from the foundation of the sect, between fifty and sixty years ago, by Abd El Wahab and Mohammed Ibn Saoud, to the peace between Abdullah Ibn Saoud and Tooson Pasha, on the part of Mohammed Ali, pashaw of Egypt, in 1815.

The last excursion of Mr. Burckhardt was from Cairo to Mount Sinai, and the eastern head of the Red Sea. The journal of this interesting tour is interspersed with a variety of historical notices on the former state of the country, and annexed to it is a memoir of the wanderings of the Israelites on their departure from the land of Pharaoh.

Besides these works, we are happy to learn that the Association are also in possession of a variety of notices on the interior of Africa, with several vocabularies of African languages, collected from the natives who visited Egypt during Mr. Burckhardt's detention in that country. There is also a series of nine hundred and ninety-nine Arabic proverbs, in the original language, together with English translations and illustrations of the various allusions contained in them; to these is added a literal and spirited translation of a burlesque epic poem, in the vulgar dialect of Cairo; the subject of which is a contest between wine and *bast*, the latter being a generic term for all the intoxicating substances com-

posed of the leaves of the hemp-flower and opium, whether in the form of pastes, pills, or sweetmeats.

Such are a small part of the labours of this extraordinary person, whose accomplishments and perseverance were such as could not have failed, had he lived, to place him high in the ranks of the most distinguished travellers of this, or indeed any age. He has in fact left behind him materials which have scarcely ever been equalled by any of his predecessors for the interest and importance of the subjects, the extent of his observations, and for the elegance even of his style, though written in a foreign idiom.

The close of Mr. Burckhardt's last work, we understand, is brought down to the 25th March, 1817, when the approaching summer seemed to offer to him the pleasing prospect of a caravan destined to Mourzouk, a route which he had long before decided on as the most likely to conduct towards that point which had now for many years been the principal object of his life. His expressions on this occasion, and which we copy from one of the last letters he was destined to write, cannot be contemplated, at the present moment, without feelings of deep regret.

'I write to sir Joseph Banks, and repeat to you, that I am in anxious expectation of a caravan for Libya, and I have been long prepared to start on the shortest notice. I shall leave Egypt with more pleasure, because I shall now no more have to regret leaving my journals in a rude state, which would have been the case, if I had started last year; and it will afford me no small consolation upon my future travels, to think that, whatever may be my fate, some profit has, at least, hitherto accrued from my pursuits, and that the Association are now in possession of several journals of mine, treating of new and interesting countries.'

Such was the eager and lively hope with which he looked forward to joining the departing caravan! but providence ordained otherwise. On the 5th of October, 1817, he was suddenly seized with a dysentery, which, in spite of the attendance of an English physician, hurried him to an untimely end, on the 15th of that month. No words can better depict the last moments of

this object of our regret, his ardent mind and his affectionate heart, than those of a letter from the consul-general of Egypt to the secretary of the African Association, of which the following is an extract.—

'I have the painful task of communicating to you very heart-rending intelligence. Our valuable traveller and friend, Sheick Ibrahim, is no more; he died on Wednesday last, after an illness of only ten days continuance, of a dysentery, which baffled all the skill of Dr. Richardson, then travelling with lord Belmore, who most fortunately happened to be present at the commencement of his malady, and who attended him with great kindness and anxious zeal throughout its progress. The doctor tells me that he never saw an instance where the constitution made so little effort to recover itself. The disease went on from bad to worse with amazing rapidity, until he sunk a victim to its ravages. On Wednesday morning his dangerous situation became very apparent, and he then felt so conscious of his approaching end, that he begged I might be sent for.

'I went over immediately, and cannot describe how shocking it was to see the change which in so short a time had taken place. On the Tuesday se'nnight previous, he had been walking in my garden, with all the appearance of health about him, and conversing with his usual liveliness and vigour; he could now scarcely articulate his words; often made use of one for the other—was of a ghastly hue, covered with a cold clammy sweat, and had all the symptomatic restlessness of approaching death. Yet he still perfectly retained his senses, and was surprisingly firm and collected, and desired I would take pen and paper, and write down what he should dictate. The following is almost word for word what he said. "If I should now die, I wish you to draw on Mr. Hamilton for 250 pounds, for money due to me from the African Association, and, together with what I have in Mr. Boghoz' hands, (2000 piastres) make the following distribution of it. Pay up my share of the Memnon head." (This he subsequently repeated, as if afraid I should think he had already contributed enough, which I had once hinted.) "Give 2000 piastres to Osman," (an Englishman whom I persuaded the Pasha to release

from slavery, at Sheikh Ibrahim's particular request;) "400 piastres to Shahrty, my servant. Let my male and female slave, and whatever I have in the house, which is little, go to Osman. —Send 1000 piastres to the poor at Zurich, my native place. My whole library, with the exception of my European books, I wish to go to the University of Cambridge, to the care of Dr. Clarke, the librarian, comprising also those in the hands of my friend, sir Joseph Banks. My European books I leave to you (Mr. Salt:) of my papers, make such a selection as you think right, and send them to Mr. Hamilton, for the African Association—there is nothing on Africa. I was starting in two months' time with the caravan returning from Mecca, and going to Fezzan,—thence to Tombuctoo—but it is otherwise disposed.—Give my love to my friends." He then enumerated several persons he was living with here on terms of intimacy: he afterwards paused, and seemed to be troubled. At length, with great exertion, he said,—“Let Mr. Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and say that my last thoughts were always with her.” His mother's name was thus apparently kept back for some time, as if he was afraid to trust himself with the mention of it. The expression also of his countenance, when he noticed his intended journey, was an evident struggle between disappointed hopes and manly resignation. Less of the weakness of human nature was, perhaps, never exhibited on a death-bed. About a quarter before twelve at night he expired without a groan, six hours after the above-mentioned conversation. The funeral, as he desired, was Mohammedan, conducted with all proper regard to the respectable rank which he held in the eyes of the natives. On this point I had no difficulty in deciding, after his own expression on the subject. I can assure you that his loss has been a severe shock to me. I admired his talents, high integrity, and noble independence of character; and from daily witnessing the admirable prudence with which he conducted himself towards the natives, I had formed very sanguine hopes of his ultimate success in the great enterprise to which he had dedicated his life. I also loved him for his benevolence, which was exercised in the most libe-

ral way towards all whom he knew in distress; and to do which, with his limited income, he must have denied himself not merely luxuries, but even comforts. In conversation he was very agreeable: there was a quick sparkling in his eye, and a variety of expression in his countenance, when animated, which excited the most lively interest in the minds of those whom he was addressing; and the warmth and energy of his style and manner, satisfied you that he spoke from the heart. His detestation of a man, acting for his own ends against the interests of society, was so excessive, that he could not speak of such a one with patience. He had been daily in the practice of paying me a visit in my garden, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon; but seldom could be prevailed upon to stay dinner, as it broke in too much on his usual habits. He was kind beyond measure in giving assistance to the travellers who visited Egypt, and in pointing out to them the best road to pursue. Only a week before his death, he had been engaged in purchasing some books for lord Belmore, when he met with a copy of the *Antar* for your brother, now in my possession.*

* The following extract of a letter, written to a friend in England, in March last, presents a lively picture of the feelings with which a hasty perusal of a part of ‘*The Life and Adventures of Antar*,’ had inspired this accomplished Orientalist:—

‘When you ask me whether I know *Antar*, you probably forget that the first knowledge I gained of that work was from an odd volume in your own library. I fully agree with you in your sentiments concerning it; it has certainly every requisite to be called an epopee; it is throughout of high interest, and often sublime. I have attentively read little more than one twelfth part of it. Its style is very remarkable; without descending to the tone of common observation, as the *Thousand* and one *Nights* often do, it is simple and natural, and clear of that bombast, and those forced expressions and far fetched metaphors, which the Orientals admire, even in their prosaists, but which can never be to the taste of an European critic. The poetry appears almost every where to be the effusion of real sentiment; and the heroic strain of

KINGDOM OF ASHANTEE IN AFRICA.

We are much mistaken if the shortest and best road for Europeans, to Tombuctoo, will not be found to be that from Cummaze, the capital of the Ashantees. It is somewhat remarkable that we should just now, for the first time in the course of two hundred years, learn any thing of this rich and populous nation, whose capital is situated not a hundred and fifty miles from the British factory. In the course of last year a mission from the governor of Cape Coast Castle, was sent to Zey Tooloo Quamina, king of Ashantee, consisting of Mr. Bowdich, Mr. Hutchison, and Mr. Tedlie. For some time after their arrival in the capital, they were kept in close confinement, owing to the jealousy instilled into the king's mind by some Moorish merchants. Their good conduct, however, enabled them to overcome all difficulties, and the king was so well satisfied of the sincerity of their views and declarations, that he concluded a treaty with them, and consented to send his children to be educated at Cape Coast Castle. The following extract of a let-

Antar's war and love-songs, his satires and bursts of self-praise, are as exalted as they are natural.'

Our readers will learn with pleasure, that Antar is likely soon to be as well known to us as any of the heroes and sages of antiquity. His work, of which but three copies exist in Europe—one, we believe, in Vienna, and two (including that mentioned in the text) in England—has recently been translated into English, by a gentleman who has been residing for some time at Constantinople, in the character of oriental secretary to the British embassy. The original, like most oriental productions, particularly those which rank among the popular tales of the East, is of considerable extent, consisting, we are told, of no less than forty volumes of various sizes. A very small part of the translation has hitherto reached England; but the specimens of it which have come under our notice give us a most favourable opinion of its merit as a tale and as a poem. The translation of the poetical parts is made in what is commonly called the Ossianic style, in which, it seems, the oriental imagery and idiom can be best transfused into our northern tongue.

ter from Mr. Bowdich will amuse our readers:—

'The palace itself is most magnificent, the frame work of some of the windows is made of gold, and the architecture is so perfect, that it might be technically described. We were permitted to enter soon after two o'clock, and the king received us with the most encouraging courtesy, and the most flattering distinction; we paid our respects in pairs, passing along a surprising extent of line to the principal Caboceers, many from remote, and some from Moorish territories, all of them encircled by retinues, astonishing to us from their number, order, and decorations. We were then requested to remove to a distant tree to receive their salutes, which procession, though simply transient, continued until past eight o'clock; it was indescribably imposing from its variety, magnificence, and etiquette. When the presents were displayed, nothing could surpass the surprise of the king, but the warm yet dignified avowal of his obligation. "Englishmen," said he, (admiring the workmanship of the articles,) "know how to do every thing proper," turning to his favourite with a smile auspicious to our interests. On Wednesday morning the king's mother and sisters, and one of the Caboceers of the largest Ashantee towns on the frontier, paid us a visit of ceremony; their manners were courteous and dignified, and they were handed and attended with a surprising politeness by the captains in waiting.

'To-day we were conducted to a large yard, where the king, encircled by a varied profusion of insignia, more sumptuous than what we had seen before, sat at the end of a long file of counsellors, caboceers, and captains. They were seated under their umbrellas of scarlet or yellow cloth, of silk shawls, cottons of every glaring variety, and decorated with carved and golden pelicans, panthers, baboons, barrels, and crescents, &c. on the top; their shape generally that of a dome. Distinct and pompous retinues were placed around with gold canes, spangled elephants' tails to keep off the flies, gold-headed swords, embossed muskets, and many other splendid novelties too numerous to mention. Each chief had the dignity of his own province to his right and left; it was truly

"concilium in concilio." We have observed only one horse, which is kept by the chief captain for state, the people riding on bullocks. At the request of the king I mounted this rare animal, first with a Moorish saddle, but it was inconvenient; and the king having heard Englishmen could ride with a cloth only, begged me to display my horsemanship, which I did for his amusement.

'The manners and deportment of the king are dignified in the extreme, and his sentiments would do credit to the most civilized monarch; he is highly delighted with the medicines, and has begged for a great quantity, trying to learn by heart the doses and uses of each. The surgical instruments also attracted his close attention, and when Mr. Tedlie showed him a piece of bone which he had taken from an Indian blackman's head, who survived the operation, his wonder could only be equalled by his admiration. When I displayed my telescope and camera-obscura, the king exclaimed, "white man next to God: black man know nothing."'

The king, it seems, keeps his harem at a little distance from the capital, and once took the gentlemen of the mission on a visit to it. The ladies live in the midst of a park, in small houses adjoining one another, and are allowed to walk about within the enclosure, but not to pass the gates, which are guarded by slaves. The number of these ladies, kept like pheasants in a preserve, was said to amount to three hundred and thirty-three.

The capital of Ashantee is supposed to contain about forty thousand inhabitants. It lies in a vale, and is surrounded with one unbroken mass of the deepest verdure. The houses are low and small, of a square or oblong form, and composed of canes wattled together, and smoothly plastered over with a mixture of clay and sand called *swish*, which is also used to form their floors. The roofs are thatched with long grass. A piece of cloth passed round the loins and extending to the knee, is the general dress of the natives. The richer class have a larger and finer piece, which they sometimes throw over the shoulders. They wear a great number of gold ornaments, rings, bracelets, necklaces, pendants, &c. and gold *fetiches* of every form.

While the gentlemen of the mission remained at Cummazee, a near relation of the king shot himself; among other ceremonies observed at his funeral, a slave was put to death by torture; and it was understood that human sacrifices were always a part of the funeral rites of all persons of consequence in the state. It is also said that suicide is very common among them.

Mr. Bowdich has been indefatigable in his endeavours to procure information respecting Ashantee, and the countries beyond it. From one of the travelling Moors, he obtained, he says, a route-book, at the expense of his own wardrobe and the doctor's medicines; but the fellow told him 'he had sold him his eye.' The route from Cummazee to Tombuctoo, it appears, is much travelled; in the way thither, the next adjoining territory is that of Dwabin, with the king of which, Mr. Bowdich also concluded a treaty. Bordering on this is a large lake of brackish water, several miles in extent, and surrounded by numerous and populous towns; and beyond the lake is the country of Buntookoo, with the king of which, the king of Ashantee was unfortunately at war. He obtained also the exact situation of the gold pits in Ashantee, and the neighbouring kingdoms, from which it appears that the name of the 'Gold Coast' has not been inaptly given to this part of Africa.

Mr. Bowdich learned from some of the Moorish merchants, who had formerly been at Haoussa, that, during their residence there, a white man was seen going down the Niger, near that capital, in a large canoe, in which all the rest were blacks. This circumstance being reported to the king, he immediately dispatched some of his people to advise him to return, and to inform him that, if he ventured to proceed much farther, he would be destroyed by the cataracts of the river; the white man, however, persisted in his voyage, mistaking apparently the good intentions of those sent by the king to warn him of his danger. A large party was then dispatched, with orders to seize and bring him to Haoussa, which they effected after some opposition; here he was detained by the king for the space of two years, at the end of which he took a fever and died.

These Moors declared that they had themselves seen this white man at Haoussa. This is unquestionably a more probable account of the fate of Park than that which was given by Isaaco, on the supposed authority of Amadou Fatima; and, as 'Moors do not destroy papers,' it is just possible, that by offering a considerable sum of money, those of this unfortunate traveller may be recovered through the channel of some of the Moors of Cummaze.

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Specification of Dr. DAVID BREWSTER's, Edinburgh, for a new Optical Instrument, called The Kaleidoscope, for exhibiting and creating beautiful Forms and Patterns, of great use in all the ornamental Arts. Dated July 10, 1817.

This instrument is constructed in such a manner as either to please the eye by an ever-varying succession of splendid tints and symmetrical forms, or to enable the observer to render permanent such as may appear most appropriate for any of the branches of the ornamental arts. It consists in its most common form of two reflecting surfaces inclined to each other at any angle, but more properly at an angle which is an aliquot part of 360° . The reflecting surfaces may be two plates of glass, plain or quicksilvered; or two metallic surfaces; or the two inner surfaces of a solid prism of glass or rock crystal from which the light suffers total reflection. The plates should vary in length according to the focal distance of the eye; from 5 to 10 inches will in general be most convenient; but they may be made from one to four inches long, provided distinct vision is obtained at one end by placing at the other an eye-glass, whose focal length is equal to the length of the reflecting planes. The inclination of the reflectors that is in general most pleasing, is 18° , 20° , or $22\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, but the planes may be set with their smoothest and straightest edge in contact at any required angle by a metallic, a paper, or a cloth joint, or other simple contrivance. The planes may be either rectangular or triangular. When thus constructed, the instrument may be either covered up with paper or leather, or placed in a cylindrical or other tube, so that the aperture at one end may be completely open, and a small aperture left at the

angle at the contrary end. If the eye, placed at the latter, looks through the former aperture, it will perceive a brilliant circle of light divided into as many sectors as the number of times that the angle of the reflectors is contained in 360° . If this angle is 18° , the number of sectors will be 20: and whatever may be the form of the aperture at the end farthest from the eye, the luminous space seen through the instrument will be a figure produced by the arrangement of twenty of these apertures round the angle formed by the contact of the two plates, in consequence of the successive reflections between the polished surfaces. Hence it follows, that if any object, however ugly or irregular, be placed before the open end, the part of it that can be seen through the aperture will be seen also through every sector, and every image of the object will coalesce into a form mathematically symmetrical and highly pleasing to the eye. If the object is put in motion, the combination of images will likewise be put in motion, and new forms, perfectly different, but equally symmetrical, will successively present themselves, sometimes vanishing in the centre, sometimes emerging from it, and sometimes playing around in double and opposite oscillations. When the object is tinged with different colours, the most beautiful tints are developed in succession, and the whole figure delights the eye by the perfection of its forms and the brilliancy of its colouring. The instrument, in the form described above, is limited to the use of objects which can be held close to the aperture; but to remove the limitation, the tube which contains the reflectors should slide in another tube of nearly the same length, and having a convex lens at its farthest extremity, the focal length of which lens should be always less than its greatest distance from the open end. In general it should be about one third or one fourth of that distance, but it will be advisable to have two or even three lenses of different focal lengths to fit into the end of the outer tube, and to be used as circumstances may require; or a variation of focal length may be produced by the separation or approach of the two lenses. The instrument thus fitted up may be applied to objects at all distances; and thus those

objects whose images are formed in an inverted position at the open end of the reflectors, may be introduced into the symmetrical picture in the very same manner as if they were brought close to the instrument. Thus trees, flowers, statues, and living animals, may be introduced; and an object too large to be comprehended by the aperture, may be removed to such a distance that its image is sufficiently reduced. The Kaleidoscope is also constructed with three or more reflecting planes, which may be arranged in various ways. The tints placed before the aperture may be the complementary colours produced by transmitting polarised light through regularly crystallized bodies, or pieces of glass that have received the polarising structure. The partial polarisation of the light by successive reflections, occasions a partial analysis of the transmitted light; but in order to develop the tints with brilliancy, the analysis of the light must precede its admission into the aperture. Instead of looking through the extremity of the tube to which the eye-glass is fitted, the effects which have been described may be exhibited to many persons at once, upon the principles of a solar microscope or magic lanthorn; and in this way, or by the application of the camera lucida, the figures may be accurately delineated. It would be an endless task to point out the various purposes in the ornamental arts to which the Kaleidoscope is applicable. It may be sufficient to state, that it will be of great use to architects, ornamental painters, plasterers, jewellers, carvers and gilders, cabinet makers, wire workers, book binders, calico printers, carpet manufacturers, manufacturers of pottery, and every other profession in which ornamental patterns are required. The painter may introduce the very colours which he is to use, the jeweller the jewels which he is to arrange; and, in general, the artist may apply to the instrument the materials which he is to embody, and thus form the most correct opinion of their effect when combined into an ornamental pattern. When the instrument is thus applied, an infinity of patterns are created, and the artist can select such as he considers most suitable to his work. When a knowledge of the nature and powers of the instrument

have been acquired by a little practice, he will be able to give any character to the pattern that he chuses; and he may ever create a series of different patterns all rising out of one another, and returning by similar gradations to the first pattern of the series. In all these cases the pattern is perfectly symmetrical round the centre; but this symmetry is altered; for after the pattern is drawn, it may be reduced into a square, triangular, elliptical, or any other form. This instrument will give annular patterns by keeping the reflectors separate, and rectilinear ones by placing them parallel to one another.

The Kaleidoscope is also proposed as an instrument to please the eye by the creation and exhibition of beautiful forms, in the same manner as the ear is delighted by the combination of musical sounds. When Costillon proposed the construction of an ocular harpsichord, (observes Dr. Brewster) he was mistaken in supposing that any combination of harmonic colours could afford pleasure to the person who viewed them; for it is only when these colours are connected with regular and beautiful forms, that the eye is gratified by the combination. The Kaleidoscope therefore seems to realize the idea of an ocular harpsichord.

LEIPSIC FAIR.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Dresden, dated May 27, 1818.

I have returned from Leipsic.—It was not business that led me there—I had heard so much of the Fair, that I could not restrain my wish to see it; so I got into the *wagen*, and travelling in the German style, in due time reached the destined spot; safely it is true, but not very expeditiously. I was, however, amused on my way by a series of arguments carried on between two of my fellow travellers, one of whom was for excluding all foreign goods from the German markets, while the other contended stoutly for the freedom of trade. I soon discovered that the former was a manufacturer from Silesia, who had business to transact at Leipsic, and the latter an author, who was going to the fair to meet his bookseller.

We alighted at Leipsic in the heat of the fair. It was to me interesting to find only the bustle of peaceful

commerce in a place which, when I passed hastily through it a few years ago, I had seen surrounded with all the alarm and all the misery of war. On our arrival we proceeded straight to the great square, in which the sovereigns of Europe met at the head of their troops, after that decisive victory which finally delivered Germany from foreign domination. What a contrast between the unostentatious movement of industry, and the desolating shock of contending armies!

These associations were calculated to make their impression, otherwise, I should not perhaps have found much difference between this and other great fairs. I saw every where bustle and activity—here the mountebank, there the man of business: in short, that melange of occupation and amusement which is every where exhibited in scenes of the same sort. The greatest order is however preserved, and a stranger is not, as at an English fair, constantly running the risk of having his head broken or his pocket picked.

I found every department of industry briskly prosecuted here, but none more than the business of booksellers, to which my inquiries were chiefly directed. Leipzig is indeed the central mart of this daily increasing trade—the grand *entrepot* in which all the productions of the press are regularly collected, to be afterwards distributed through numerous prepared channels, over Germany and the rest of Europe. Thus periodical overflowings of literature take place, and though these inundations always bring along with them a quantity of rubbish and noxious weeds, yet the balance is greatly in favour of the rich and fertilizing materials they leave behind.

It would be in vain for me in a short letter to attempt to describe the vast store of literature which this fair exhibited. I shall mention only a few works in the German language to which my attention happened to be more particularly drawn, viz. ‘*Mythologische Dichtung und Lieder der Skandinavier*’—‘*Kosmographische Erläuterungen aus der Griechischen Vorwelt*,’ by Bottiger—‘*Hammer’s Umblick auf einer Reise von Constantinopel nach Brusa und dem Olympos, und von da zurück über Nicea und Nicomedien*.’

Of the last mentioned work only, what the booksellers call the *Probe Heft*, or Specimen, was got ready for the Fair, and that I read over. It consists of about 100 pages of the commencement of these travels of M. Hammer, and I found it full of new and interesting information. I understand that translations of this work are going on both in French and English, so that the complete publication will take place in the three languages much about the same time.

An Account of Young Kotzebue’s Travels in Persia is also in the press.

Among the Classics, I admired much some beautiful small pocket editions, published by Tauchnitz, of this place.

Booksellers come to Leipzig from every quarter of Europe. The number from France and Italy at this Fair was very considerable. One from Petersburg made purchases of so extensive a nature, that it must be inferred the Russians have recently made a very rapid progress in every branch of literature. The French booksellers have also carried back with them a much greater quantity than usual of German works. But by far the greatest purchases have been made by a London bookseller, who is himself a native of Germany. This gentleman was not contented with a few copies, but carried off whole editions of Classical and German works. Among many others, he has bought up all the impressions of Professors Buck and Bauer’s *Thucydides de Bello Peloponnesiaco*, in 2 vols. 4to.; and Schleusner’s *Novum Lexicon Greco-Latinum in Novum Testamentum*, &c. so that not a copy of these celebrated works is now to be had on the continent, the whole being removed to England.

The great influx of English merchandise at this Fair has been made a subject of complaint by a certain class of persons, but with very little effect. The advocates of exclusion will never gain their object, as all sensible people are convinced that it must ever be the interest of the great mass of the German population to purchase the articles they want at the cheapest rate, without regard to the country of the manufacturer.

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EFFICACY OF SILK.

We transcribe from Dr. Neale’s

Travels through Germany, &c. the following anecdote, relative to the efficacy of silk in repelling a musket shot, which is incidentally introduced, for the information of our military readers. The case occurred under Dr. Neale's personal observation, during his service in the British army in Spain.

'A very promising young officer of engineers, with whom I lived in habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship, while he was employed in repairing the breaches at Ciudad Rodrigo, consulting me respecting an obstinate headach and giddiness, which I found was principally occasioned by his wearing a stiff black leather stock, I earnestly recommended him to lay it aside, which he rather tenaciously declined, when, as a further inducement, I told him, that in the event of his substituting a black silk handkerchief, it might one day preserve his life, as silk would certainly turn a ball which might penetrate leather. At length he complied, and as I had predicted, his headaches left him. We soon after separated, he going to the light division, and my station being with that of Lord Hill. The campaign commenced, and in a few weeks I learnt with the greatest grief, that my gallant friend had fallen at the head of the first storming party at St. Sebastian's. I was then stationed at Reynosa, many leagues distant. As I believed him dead, my surprise and joy were great on receiving a letter from him some weeks afterwards; acquainting me, that when on the very glacis, he had been wounded by a musket ball from a man on the walls. He instantly fell, covered with blood, which streamed in profusion from his mouth and nostrils; one of his own corps dragged him immediately into the trenches. He was carried to his quarters, and his wounds, on examination, was pronounced mortal; the ball not being found, was supposed to have lodged in the vertebræ of the neck. He lived, however for three days, and no bad symptoms coming on, the surgeons began to doubt the accuracy of their opinions. The sapper, who saw him fall, was examined to ascertain whether he had seen the bullet, which he instantly produced from his waistcoat pocket, saying, that on untying Mr.

Reid's silk handkerchief, he found part of it carried into the wound, and using a little force to withdraw it, the ball came out with it; not a single thread of the silk handkerchief having given way, as appeared on examination. I have since had the pleasure of embracing my friend in good health.'

POLISH PEASANTRY.

The dwellings of the Polish peasantry are described as being most wretched. Every peasant is his own mason.

Armed with a hatchet he enters the nearest wood, and having felled such trees as he chooses to select, he carries them to the area of his future dwelling, and splits each trunk into two beams. Four large stones mark out the corner of an oblong square, and constitute the basis upon which the hut is raised, by placing the beams in horizontal layers, with the flat sides inwards; a sort of mortice being cut in each about half a foot from the end to receive the connecting beams. A sort of cage is thus formed of small dimensions, generally about twelve feet by six, and moss is thrust in between the logs to exclude the wind and rain. Two openings however are left, one of which serves for a door, and the other, with the addition of a few panes of glass or a couple of sheets of oiled paper, forms a window. At one of the corners within, are placed four upright posts, round which are entwined some twigs, covered with mud and clay, to form a square area, into which is built an oven or furnace of the same materials; this, when hard and dry, serves the peasant for kitchen, chimney, stove, and bed. The roof is closed in with rafters and twigs, bedaubed with a thick coating of clay, and covered with a close warm thatch, extending over both gable ends. To finish this rude hut, the walls are sometimes extended a few additional feet in a still rougher style, to form a sort of vestibule, which also answers for a cart-house or stable; and occasionally a second is added to serve as a barn. Perhaps, in the whole building there is hardly a bolt, lock, or hinge, or any article of metal. Yet this is a retreat for a polish serf, and contains himself and family, and all his goods and chattels. If the proprietor happens to be a little more affluent, his hut may contain an oven of glazed

earthenware, and two bed rooms with boarded floors, the walls of which are whitewashed, and the doors secured with locks. If he be a Jew, the house is still larger, the roof better, and covered with shingles instead of thatch. The windows are a degree wider, and if he be an innkeeper, there is a long stable with a coach entrance at each end, which serves as in Holstein, for barn, stable, cowhouse, and a "lodging and entertainment both for man and beast," as the old signposts of our country express it. The gentry give to their wooden houses a greater extent, and a form a little more symmetrical. The walls within may be stuccoed and washed with distemper colours, and the walls externally plastered and whitewashed. The door of the entrance occupies the centre, and is covered with a rude porch raised on four posts, and the front may perhaps boast three or four windows. Such are the elemental parts and composing of a Polish village, and nothing under heaven can be more miserable, dirty, or wretched, than the whole assemblage, externally as well as internally. *ibid.*

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A VISIT TO LONGWOOD.

[From the Rev. Mr. Latrobe's *South Africa*.]

We now turned towards Longwood, which after a ride of a few miles, presents itself over a deep, barren glen, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl." General Bonaparte's premises appear, at first sight, to be placed near its ruin. After rounding the edge of the Punch Bowl, we reached the outer gate and guard-house. Sir Hudson pointed out to us the situation of Longwood, as peculiarly calculated to prevent unobserved escape. The grounds which occupy a space of about twelve miles in circumference, lie upon a kind of inland peninsula, the only practicable access to which is between the Devil's Punch Bowl, and a deep glen to the right, descending towards the sea, or between the flagstaff-hill, and the other end of the Punch Bowl. Both these roads are sufficiently defended by troops. As far as the guard house, and within the twelve miles, General Bonaparte may ride and amuse himself as he pleases; but if he wishes to exceed those limits, an officer must accompany him. He finds

this extremely unpleasant, and requested the officer to dress like a common gentleman, which however, being on duty, the latter was obliged to refuse.

After entering the gate, we rode up to another inclosure, where Sir Hudson desired us to wait, until he had obtained information respecting the general's actual situation. The interior of the premises is well stocked with ornamental and other trees, forming a pleasant shrubbery, the rest of the domain being principally covered with gum trees standing singly.

In a short time Sir Hudson returned from the house with an account that General Bonaparte was very ill with a swelled face and gums, and could not leave his room. This answer we had expected, and contented ourselves with riding about the park, if I may so call it, and obtaining a good idea of the situation of the dwelling of this remarkable man. He and his friends complain of it, but I can only declare that in the whole island of St. Helena I have not seen a spot, more convenient and airy, and where there is so much opportunity for taking a ride in a carriage or on horseback without interruption. The park is even and grassy, and General Bonaparte frequently rides out in a cabriolet and six, generally at full gallop. In the shrubbery, near the house, stands a large marquee, in which he commonly breakfasts, and spends a good deal of time. Bertrand has a separate house, a little lower down the declivity, at a small distance from his master's. We saw him and Montholon with their ladies, walking in the park. The mansion itself is rather an assemblage of buildings, than one whole house. The dining room, with its viranda, is the principal feature, and has three large windows. Connected with it are General Bonaparte's own apartments, the principal one turning its gable end towards the entrance. Behind that, if I am correct, follow those of the captain on guard, Las Casas, Gourgeon and Montholon. The latter has four windows. They are all one story high, whitened, with grey roofs.

To the northeast, is a remarkable rock, from its shape called the Barn, rising perpendicular from the sea to a great height, black, rugged, and without any trees. Farther inland lies a peaked hill called the Flagstaff. Towards the Barn descends a narrow

vale, covered with gravel of decomposed volcanic matter, in some parts so red, that it furnishes the imagination with the idea of a burning torrent. Here and there are patches of blue, yellow, and violet, increasing the deception.

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OPERA SALARIES.

A pamphlet has lately appeared in London, concerning the affairs of the Italian Opera of that capital. It is from the pen of the manager, and the specimens which he furnishes of the charges made by the foreign singers, whom he endeavoured to recruit, are not a little curious. The persons whose initials are given in the following letters, are not, be it understood, at the head of their respective departments; but, most of them, only second or third rates.

(*Literal Translation.*)

Sign. B——a to Mr. Waters.

Venice, 1817.

I acknowledge your two favours, dated 26th, 28th October, wherein you acknowledge mine. I observe, that in the first you promise to continue your correspondence with me from London, which place you were on the point of setting out from, and where you would be anxious to hear respecting the singers whom I proposed to you, but whom I am unable, this year, to engage.

Prima Donna Seria, Siga. E. P. demands *two thousand five hundred pounds sterling*, a free benefit, travelling expenses paid, a table, and permission to make her debut in a man's character in an opera which she will take with her.

Prima Donna Seria, Siga. A——, demands 1,500*l.* sterling, six covers, a free benefit, travelling expenses paid.

Prima Donna Buffa, Siga. T—— B——, asks 1000*l.* sterling, free benefit, travelling expenses paid.

Prima Donna Buffa, Siga. L—— F——, of this lady I will send you particulars the earliest opportunity, and will let you know whether she will accept your offer of 700*l.* sterling, and 50*l.* for travelling expenses.

Primo Tenore Serio e Buffo, Sig. B—— C——, and *Prima Donna Buffa e Seria*, Siga. C—— B——, his wife, ask together 2,500 guineas, with the privilege to sing at concerts, a dressing room, *fourteen covers*, the conveyance

of a coach to the theatre, and an advance of 250 guineas.

Primo Musico Sig. Gio. B— V——. He asks 2,500*l.* sterling, the privilege to sing at concerts, a free benefit, and travelling expenses.

(*Literal Translation.*)

Mademoiselle F—— to Mr. Waters.

Milan, 12th November.

Sir,

I received a letter of yours, to form with you a theatrical engagement for next year: I should not be against accepting it, if we could agree upon the conditions I propose, and my demands are as follow:—

1. I intend, to be employed in your theatre, as *first comic absolute singer*, to sing only in comic and semi-serious operas.

2. The first opera I am to appear in, to be of my own choice, and the singers who are to perform in it, to be to my satisfaction.

3. You will give me for my salary for the said season, *two thousand guineas in gold*, to be paid in equal payments monthly from the day of my arrival in London, until the end of the said season.

4. A free benefit night, free of all expenses, and ensured to amount to five hundred guineas, with liberty to give a new opera.

5. An advance of two hundred guineas, to be paid here in Milan, the moment the engagement is signed.

6. That the management of the Royal Theatre, are to furnish me in all the operas wherein I am to perform, the suitable greater or lesser dresses to my satisfaction.

7. That I may be allowed the liberty to have any private concert, it being always understood after my first appearance.

8. The accommodation of a carriage to take me to and from the theatre at all times.

If Mr. Waters, the manager, finds my proposals convenient, he may send me the engagement here in Milan; but I beg of him, which ever way he decides, to answer me by the return of post, for my guidance, for the other proposals I have from other towns.

Believe me, with the most perfect esteem,

Your most humble servant,

(Signed) F. F——.

Antiqua Historia, ex ipsis veterum scriptorum Latinorum narrationibus contexta; &c. i. e. An Ancient History, compiled in the very words of ancient Latin writers. Edited by Jo. Godfrey Eichhorn. 8vo. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1811.

Professor EICHORN has permanently distinguished himself by a most learned and bold *Introduction to the Old Testament*, by a *General History of the Culture and Literature of Modern Europe*, by an *Introduction to the New Testament*; by a *History of the last three Centuries*, which is not so well weighed, well proportioned, and well finished a work as the three preceding; and by the *Introduction to the Universal History*, published at Gottingen in 1799, to which the two volumes before us form a kind of supplement.

The object of the Professor has been to extract from the various Latin historians an orderly system of primæval history; and, in the very words of the ancients, to bring together a summary of all that they have preserved to us concerning earlier times. This curious compilation he considers as adapted for the use of schools; because it will at once teach both Latin and history, bring facts before the mind unsophisticated by modern prejudices and superstitions, and habituate the scholar to every variety of style and expression. The plan was conceived while the author was rector of the Lyceum at Ohrdruff, was partially brought into use there, and, having been found convenient and instructive, has been habitually kept in view: the lacunæ of narration have been progressively filled up, the excrescences lopped, and at length a tolerable proportion of the parts has been attained. At Jena, the Professor adopted these selections as the basis of a course of historic lectures; and they formed, as it were, the vouchers of his oral instruction. On his removal to Gottingen, Scripture criticism became the principal literary occupation of his time for several years: until a desire of pointing out the connexion between Jewish and Greek history induced him to issue in 1799 an introduction to Universal History, from the earliest times to the dissolution of the Roman empire, and once more to look through and enlarge these transcripts, with the view of

employing them as an appendix of documents and proofs. For those parts of history, which could not be found related at convenient or proportionate length among the writers of antiquity, recurrence has been had to modern epitomizers.

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The fiftieth Exhibition of the London Academy contains 1117 paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the majority of which are superior to any six of the best pieces in the first thirty exhibitions of this school. Indeed, the most enthusiastic admirer of the ancient schools must admit, that there are some new pictures in this exhibition capable of ranking with the best hundred pictures of those schools; while there are few that are below mediocrity.

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Travels of his highness the Prince Maximilian of Newwied to the Brasils.

Since the appearance of Humboldt's interesting Travels, and the continuation of the contest for independence which agitates the Spanish colonies, the eyes of Europe are turned upon South America, and every authentic account respecting that immense continent is received with great and general interest.

The Brasils still remain among the number of the countries of South America which are the least known to us. The Prince of Newwied travelled through them in the years 1815, 16, and 17, and the rich fruits of his infinitely laborious exertions are now announced for publication at the same time with the interesting description of the journey itself, in four quarto volumes, illustrated with maps and copperplates,

Natural history was the main object of the illustrious traveller, and of course the materials collected in this branch of science must be the most considerable; so considerable indeed, that we are assured all the travels in the Brasils which have hitherto been published, taken together, do not contain so many new remarks as these: at the same time the manners, customs, &c. of the natives are not forgotten, and the whole promises to give us a lively picture of those countries which are still so imperfectly known to us.

Royal Institute of France.—April 24.

—M. Abel Remusat, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, read an article on the wandering nations of Upper Asia, extracted from a work, entitled, "*Recherches sur les Langues Tartares.*" He advances, we believe, an original opinion that the Goths at first inhabited the regions of Tartary. He argued from the similarity of Runic characters of inscriptions found near Mount Atlas to the Scandinavian.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare has prepared a third and supplemental volume to the Rev. Mr. Eustace's Classical Tour through Italy. It is intended to complete the labours and supply the omissions of that traveller, and to describe such parts of Italy as he had not visited, and others have rarely explored. The author has enlarged its contents by a Tour round the whole island of Sicily, an Account of Malta, an Excursion to Pola in Istria, and a description of the celebrated monasteries of Monserrat in Spain, and the Grande Chartreuse in France.

AUSTRIA.

Population.—By the last geographical details published in Austria, the population of that monarchy, amounts to 27,613,000 souls. In this number are included 11,750 Sclavonians, 5,000,000 of Italians, 4,800,000 Germans, 400,000 of Hungarians, &c. As to their religion they are divided into 21,000,000 Catholics, 2,500,000 belonging to the Greek church, 2,000,000 belonging to the reformed church, 1,450,000 Lutherans, 400,000 Jews, and about 40,000 Unitarians.

Fine Arts in England.—It appears from a list of each class inserted in a late number of "Annals of the Fine Arts," that modern patronage has created in England not less than 931 professional artists, of various descriptions, in and near the metropolis; of whom there are 532 painters, 45 sculptors, 149 architects, 93 engravers in line, 38 in mixed style, 19 in mezzotinto, 83 in the aquatinta, 22 on wood: and it deserves to be especially noticed, that among the painters there are no less than 43 ladies.

Books recently published in England.

An Universal History in 24 books—3 vols. 8vo.—Translated into English from the German of John Von Muller.

Agnes. A Poem, by Thos. Brown, M. D. author of the Paradise of Couquettes.

A Treatise on the External, Chemical, and Physical Character of Minerals, by Robert Jameson, Lecturer on Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Geo. Montagu, Esq. from the year 1736, to the year 1770; now first published from the original quarto.

New Tales, by Mrs. Opie. 3 vols. 12mo.

Travels in Canada and the United States of America in 1816, 1817, by lieutenant Francis Hall, military secretary to General Wilson, governor in Canada. 1 vol. 8vo. P. 543.

A second Journey through Persia to Constantinople, between the years 1810 and 1816, by James Morier, Esq. late his Britannic majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the court of Persia. 1 vol. quarto.

Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his original correspondence. By William Coxe, F. R. S. 3 vols. quarto.

The third and last volume in quarto, of the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin. Containing numerous political, philosophical and miscellaneous writings, now first published from the original MSS.

A Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist, by J. B. Brown, Esq. 1 vol. 4to.

An Account of the History and present state of Galvanism, by Doctor Bostock.

A Manual of Chemistry, by M. Brande, Chemical Professor at the Royal Institution.

An Account of the Dominions of Spain in the Western Hemisphere, by Captain Bonnycastle, of the Royal Engineers.

New Tales of my Landlord. 4 vols. 18mo.

Reports of Cases tried in the Jury Court of Edinburgh, from the institution of the Court in 1815, to the sittings, ending in March, 1818, by Joseph Murray, esq. Advocate.

Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence. 2d vol.